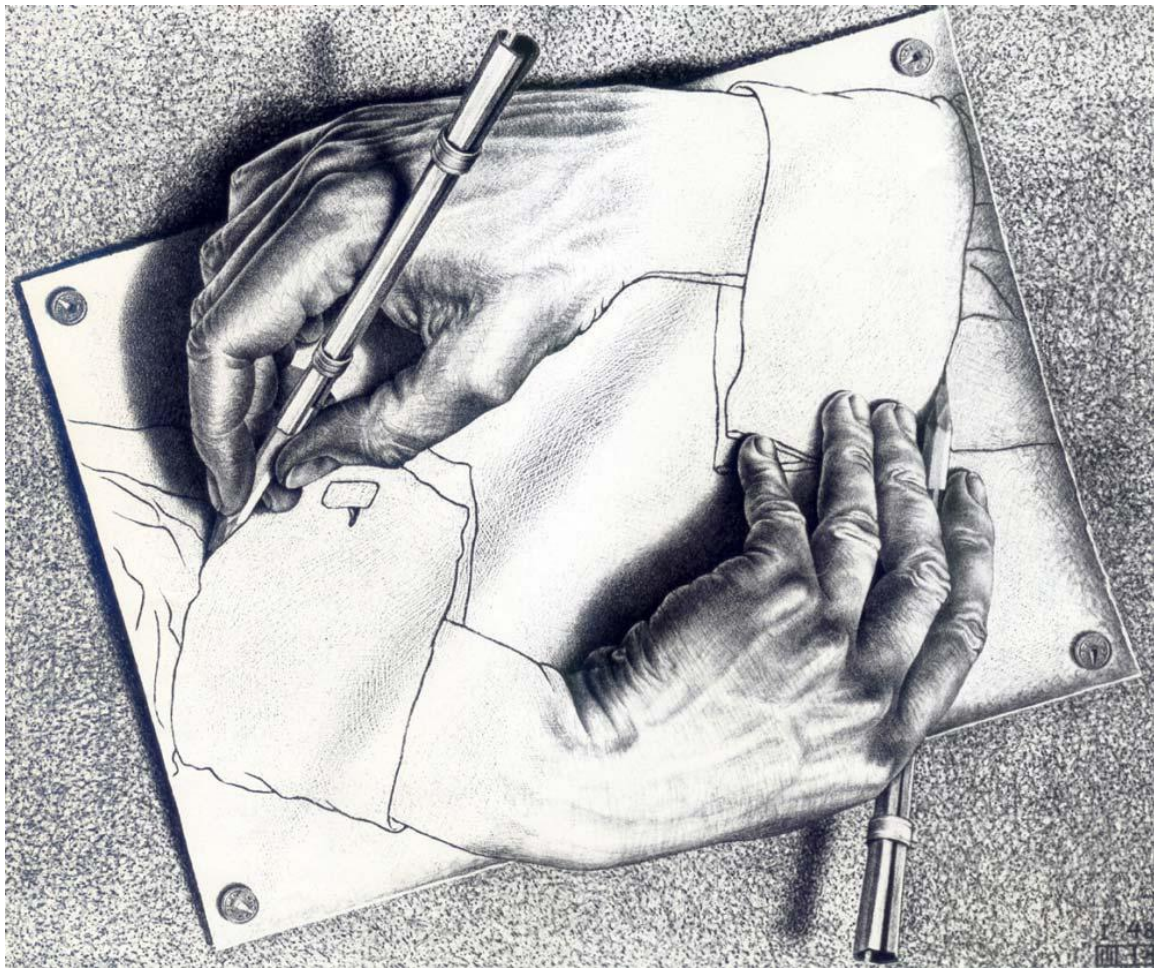


# *Pen & Pencil Magazine*

Theme: Anything at All!



**Volume Five: Spring 2021**

## **Volume Five Pen & Pencil Magazine**

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If you have a submission for the **Pen & Pencil Magazine** feel free to contact the magazine.

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Farewell, the forest of my thoughts,  
I will remember this tender wind and the scent of home.  
Alas, I must depart this wonderland  
as my mind rushes to reality.  
Wake up, my body! Time to leave.

Nightingale

## Pen & Pencil Welcomes Submissions

Obelisk Press of Vancouver is proud to publish the Fifth edition of *Pen & Pencil Magazine* which serves to feature the work of aspiring writers. The *Pen & Pencil Magazine* welcomes submissions on a quarterly basis.

Three new sections have been added for Plays, Science and History pieces. A special thank you to the writers who contributed to this edition. For several of our contributors, it is their first occasion to be published. Congratulations! In this edition we also include two French pieces.

The *Pen & Pencil Magazine* board is comprised of the unpaid volunteers: Please feel free to send your short story, prose, poetry and artwork submissions to the Editor in Chief at

pbruskiewich @ gmail.com.

There is no fee to submit. There is no writer's fee provided by the journal for those who submit. The publishing rights remain with the writer.

The theme for the **Summer 2021** edition of *Pen & Pencil Magazine* will most likely be set by the contributors and their submissions.

## Short Stories



## ***Where Ignorance Is Bliss ... It's Folly To Be Wise! by Ian Ogilvie***

Royal Air Force (retired)

*{Disclaimer from the Editor: Ian Ogilvie's statements of fact and analysis do not necessarily reflect the official views of any government, past or present, including those of Russia and the former Soviet Union as well as the government of the Canada, or the United States, the United Kingdom or Australia.}*

I'll be recounting here my 'non-spy' related experiences from London to Vancouver, via Moscow and New York. I apologize but I do digress from time to time, but will always return to the principal subject matter.



**Australia's former Moscow Embassy (Now Ambassador's Residence)**

### **Illumined By Spies**

Having only recently learnt a lot about the mid-fifties spy scandals in the UK, including from the three main Kim Philby books, I now better

understand the possible reasons for a lot of the things I experienced during, and after, my two-plus years in Moscow, 1959-62. Those were the years immediately after the escape to Moscow of Donald MacLean and Guy Burgess, while Kim Philby cooled his heels in Beirut, before arriving in Moscow the year after I left. During the years I spent in the RAF and at London University's School of Slavonic Studies, all that 'UK spy stuff' was at its peak, although I wasn't aware of it at the time.

### **Why I May Have Been Followed So Extensively**

In November 1959, on the front page of the UK's The Times newspaper, there was an ad for someone with knowledge of Russian and accounting to join the Embassy of Australia in Moscow (above). At that time I was one of two management trainees with Kleinwort Benson & Co, a private merchant bank in The City of London. My attention to the ad was drawn by the other trainee, who was probably glad to get rid of the competition, especially as I spoke German and got on well with the managing director's secretary from Hamburg!

The ad had been inserted by the High Commission of Australia in London, and was probably seen by the UK's KGB 'Resident'. If he didn't see the ad, then it is likely that he was made aware of my visa application. My age, 25, would have indicated that I had just come out of one of the armed services. Two years of military service were obligatory at that time. My knowledge of Russian and service background might have indicated a possible GCHQ (Government Communications Head Quarters) connection.

I might have come to the attention of Soviet Intelligence another way: In Berlin from time to time, where I was stationed 1956-58 monitoring Soviet air force communications, I had to take the prior day's intercept material to Tempelhof Airport for personal delivery to a British European Airways (BEA) captain ... for onward delivery to GCHQ in Cheltenham, UK. I would be in uniform and guarded by "Rock Apes" (RAF Regiment) with machine guns as we and their boots clanked through the terminal in full view of early morning departing passengers. That could have been in my 'dossier' somewhere in Moscow.

Australian-Soviet relations were a little 'special' at the time I arrived in Moscow. Australia had just been invited/allowed to re-establish its embassy in Moscow, having been thrown out some years prior due to the Petrov affair. Vladimir Petrov was a KGB agent who had defected in Canberra together with his wife, Evdokia, as well as with a lot of agent and other important information. The KGB succeeded in capturing and taking him aboard an Aeroflot airliner, only to have Aussies storm the plane and retrieve him. It would appear that Evdokia was able to remain in Australia also. A need for Australian wheat, wool and meat were said to have been the main reasons for the Soviets re-admitting an Aussie ambassador.

So, when I duly arrived in Moscow in December 1959 to join the Australian embassy, my 'security-risk-rating' as far as the KGB was concerned is unlikely to have been minimal, given the 'Cheltenham Connection'. Also, I

didn't have an Australian diplomatic passport, but an Official one, and, of course, I was not an Australian, so I didn't fit the profile norm.

## Sharing Quarters with Mr Burgess



Initially, on arrival in Moscow, I was billeted in the Ukraine Hotel.

Little did I know at the time that one of my fellow guests was none other than Guy Burgess. I learnt that from an interview he gave to a UK journalist.

## Operation Reunion



My primary job in Moscow was to run "Operation Reunion" for Ambassador Keith Waller (Whether or not that is the ambassador's spouse to his left, below, I can't say. I do remember that Mrs Waller was tall, but the face escapes me now).

Operation Reunion was a programme under which Australian residents who

had managed to escape the Soviet Union and dependent territories during World War II could invite relatives left behind in the Soviet Union to join them in Australia.

Communicating with disheartened, if not terrified, simple and often elderly people in the Soviet provinces in the early 60's was no easy matter. They had to be encouraged to approach the local OVIR police station, the obligatory first step in the immigration process; and to keep on visiting that police station every six months – as was their legal right, even when they had been rejected several times.

Part of the difficulty was to explain to them their rights, such as they were; to help them realize when the local police station was not following procedure; and to do all that without appearing to interfere in the internal affairs of the USSR. I did exchange notes on procedure and other matters with my British, Canadian and US colleagues doing the same work.

During my farewell meeting with Ambassador Waller, I was very pleased to hear him tell me that I had been able to get more Soviet citizens out of the USSR to join their relatives in Australia than my Canadian, UK or US counterparts combined. The latter were all more senior than I, being career diplomats of First or Second Secretary rank. Thanks to good Soviet schooling, the handwritten letters from exit visa applicants were not difficult to read, but my US et al counterparts' commands of Russian, particularly (hand) written Russian, was not as good as mine, and that was one of the reasons why they delegated all correspondence in that area to their Soviet

staff who, for obvious reasons, shrank from taking an aggressive position, in writing, on behalf of the people trying to get exit visas, knowing full well, of course, that the KGB read everything that went in and out of our little chancellery – probably the stables in another epoch – there in the rear courtyard of the embassy.

For my part, I read all the original correspondence related to Operation Reunion. I tried to understand the nature of the bureaucratic runarounds to which those elderly babushkas and prospective emigrants were being subjected; dictated replies in English; and checked and otherwise contested the translations. My Soviet translator, Svetlana, who owed her job to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, was concerned from time to time that my explanations might cause her problems with her ‘authorities’. Like everything else, it was personal involvement, the personal touch that made the difference.



Greg Clark, the young Australian diplomat who followed me at the embassy in Kropotkinsky Pereulok, says in his writings that Svet made no secret, at least to him, that she was there to report on our doings, but not to the KGB, as we might have assumed, but to her real employer, The Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

Another responsibility in Moscow included helping our non-Russian speaking ambassador keep up to date on what the media were reporting. Every weekday morning, we would assemble for ‘morning prayers’ in

Ambassador Waller's spacious office. First Secretary Richard (Dick) Woolcott (Right) would go first with what he had found of interest in Pravda, and I would follow with some 'odnako' paragraphs from Izvestia (the odnako, 'however', paragraph was where we would learn of the problems being experienced by this or that sector of the economy). I cannot remember whether the gossip picked up at receptions, cocktail parties and dinners preceded or followed the press reviews, but they were usually the most interesting part of 'morning prayers'.

Another duty was interpreting as needed, and runs to Customs to clear inbound supplies, including something I initiated – containers of frozen food shipped overnight on 'The Red Arrow' from the Stockmann department store in neighbouring Helsinki. Prior to that, we had had frozen and other food flown in from Copenhagen, but the Helsinki variant turned out to be less expensive.

Then there was interpreting for Ambassador Waller when Dick Woolcott was otherwise engaged, as well as for visiting Australian officials, including Lord Richard Casey and his wife Maie. Lord Casey was on a farewell visit prior to becoming Australia's next Governor-General.

The only other Russian speaker in the embassy at that time being Dick Woolcott, Ambassador Waller did me the honour of appointing me the Caseys guide and interpreter on their trip to Leningrad. If we were followed, I wasn't aware of it. It was, in fact, unusual for ambassadors and their ilk to



be followed at that time – as opposed to military attaches, who were followed all the time, obviously!

### **The Scythian Gold**

The highlight of that Leningrad visit for me was being taken down to the vaults of The Hermitage Museum and shown the Scythian Gold. I couldn't help noticing how close the intricate designs of the Gold resembled those of ancient Irish and Scottish designs. To this day, I'm inclined to believe a legend which holds that the Celts of Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Cornwall, Brittany and Galicia got there, having traversed North Africa en route from Southern Russia.

At about the same time, June 1961, Ambassador Waller, one of Australia's most respected diplomats, was made a Commander of the Order of the British Empire whilst on post in the USSR, becoming also a Knight Bachelor in 1968 during his time as Ambassador to the United States of America. In 1970, Sir Keith Waller was appointed Secretary of the Department of External Affairs (later Department of Foreign Affairs), retiring from the public service in 1974 on his 60th birthday.

### **It's Folly To Be Wise!**

Coming back to 'where ignorance is bliss', it is now said that it was no secret that the Yanks and the Brits liked to use Commonwealth nationals in Moscow for their various spy stunts, when using their own people would



attract attention. So that could have been one reason why, as will be seen below, this non-Aussie, ‘Official’ member of the embassy staff was subjected to so much surveillance.

In that regard, there was the Penkovsky spy affair still in the air at that time. Oleg Penkovsky had been a top level Soviet official whose inside reports on Soviet military plans and thinking had been the intelligence coup of the century (he had since been uncovered and executed). Several senior US and UK officials in Moscow had been expelled for their involvement in that affair; the Brits for providing the people to check out Penkovsky’s information drops. In the eyes of the Russians, Australia too could well have been part of that tight Anglo-Saxon nexus for spy activities against the USSR.



### **Where I lived**

I believe I cribbed that from Greg Clark (<http://gregoryclark.net/lifestory/page2/page2.html>) who, writing about

associating with regular Soviet citizens, noted that he was caught in the dilemma that all Russian-speaking Western diplomats had to face in Moscow. Namely, there was no point learning the language and studying the system unless one went out to meet and talk to Russians. However, in so doing, one was bound to become a target for KGB attention. Entrapment, followed by messy expulsion, could easily be the end result. Besides, as Greg notes, the Soviets' propaganda had already told them that all diplomats sent by the West to work in Moscow, the Russian-speaking ones especially, had to be anti-Soviet and latent spies to begin with. Otherwise we would not have been sent. For them, we Russian-speakers were small and very expendable fish.

### **Just Checking**

I lived in a flat at Dom 45, Leninsky Prospekt (Above), not too far from Moscow University (MGU). The compound, with only one obvious entrance/exit, housed both foreigners and Soviets in what by Moscow standards at that time was fairly reasonable comfort. As was the case for most of the embassy's non-Russian personnel, our arrivals/departures from the embassy/our apartments were reported by the police at the entrance to the embassy and our apartment complex.

Shortly after arriving home, I would receive a 'wrong number' check-up call, to which I would respond with an obscenity, such as suggesting that the male caller go and do something not nice to his mother!

It was customary for the junior diplomatic staffs of the Australian, British, Canadian and US embassies to socialise in clubs housed on the grounds of those embassies, as well as to offer hospitality to one another in their apartments. I believe that I did visit the US club once – to play mindless tombola, and the UK only a couple of times – to play darts. Given my diplomatic rank, or lack thereof, I was not ‘dinner party’ fodder.

### **Out And About In Moscow**



Usually, I went about Moscow on my own, shopping, sight-seeing, visiting art galleries and museums and The Bolshoi. Getting tickets for that ballet shrine, or any other theatre, concert hall or museum posed no problems for Moscow’s diplomatic crowd. We did have to pay, of course, but virtually nothing.

I would usually take my Swiss 8mm Bolex cine camera with me on my Moscow outings during the second half of my time in Moscow lending, no doubt, to my ‘need-to-observe ratio’. Somewhat of a rarity in those days, the Bolex was the equivalent of today’s camera-cellphones.

Visiting the GUM department store on Red Square, I would, occasionally see a couple of big black ZIL limousines with Nikita Khrushchev therein, heading for one of the entrances to The Kremlin. Whether or not I tried to ‘Bolex’ them, I don’t recall.

### **My Cuba Moment!**

My favourite restaurant was Aragvi, a Georgian restaurant under the shadow of the Yuri Dolgoruky statue on Pushkin Square. I particularly liked Aragvi's thick, creamy chicken soup and splayed grilled, garlic chicken – Tsiplyata Tabaka.

Probably early on, I had to 'pull rank' at Aragvi. I had arrived early, before some guest or other I was entertaining, only to be told by a group of waitresses idling by the entrance that all the tables were taken – there wasn't a single person in the restaurant! I declined to accept that demarche, observing that the restaurant was totally empty at that moment . . . and went to a table, where I proceeded to right the chairs round the table. It was the practice then to fold chairs into tables to indicate that the table was reserved. All the chairs on all the tables were like that – with not a customer in sight. I sat down: was shortly joined by my guests or guest, I've forgotten now. Apparently reluctant to make more of an issue of the matter, we were finally provided with menus. I look back on that as my 'Cuba Moment'!

### **The Tushino Air Show**

I made good use of my Bolex when I visited the Tushino Air Show with Alan, my brother, in 1961, I believe it was. We weren't diplomats, so we were not in the diplomatic enclosure, where everybody had to surrender their cameras, but out in the field, joyfully filming whatever passed overhead. I wasn't stopped, so I suppose that Alan and I had slipped through the security

cordon, the ‘goons’ main objective that day being to render the diplomatic types harmless.

I had brought Alan – I think that he would have been only about 12 at the time – to Moscow from our home in East Kilbride outside of Glasgow for a little summer holiday. Alas, Alan was left mainly on his own during the week, as I had to work, but I would see him at lunchtimes, as well as sightsee with him at weekends.

I was aware of being followed from time to time, but that didn’t bother me in Moscow. Out of town was another matter, but more anon. In Moscow, I was approached from time to time by ‘stilyagi’ wishing to purchase jeans, records et al, one of which I took back to my flat. I was told later in London by my hoped-to-be Soviet contact that there was a lot he knew about me that could be used against me, should that become necessary.

Another, Franz, a bold, swash-buckling character, used to waylay foreigners going for their mail in the Central Post Office on Gorky Street.

It was outside the Post Office that I first witnessed the phenomenon of somebody talking to his sleeve. That would have been 1960 – early days for electronics miniaturisation, I would have thought: so the KGB was right up there in the forefront of that field.

Coming back to Franz, I know that I sold him and his team some things, although I don't remember what. In order to 'connect' we had to go through an elaborate bee-dance round the post office.

That may not have been enough to put off the authorities, however, as, back in London, reading Izvestia in bed one night, the back page, I remember, I learnt that he had been exiled to a labour camp in Siberia!

### **Travel Insurance!**

At that time, when Western diplomats et al stationed in Moscow travelled within the USSR, we were supposed to do our touring with someone from our own embassy, or from one of the other related missions. Because of being 'neither fish nor flesh', I used to pretend that I was indeed going with a friendly ally, but that was usually, probably always, not the case. All in all, during my two years plus in Moscow, I visited some 20 towns and cities in the USSR, from Archangel in the north to Kharkov in the south and Lvov in the west. I was always followed on those trips – alone, and with my cine camera. So that made it de rigueur for the 'goons' as we called them, to come go along for the ride. The plus was that I never needed to worry about getting too lost, or having an accident, as help would always be there!

Foreign embassy staff couldn't (or weren't supposed to) buy air or train travel tickets themselves, or make hotel reservations. That all was to be done through the UPDK – Directorate for the Servicing of the Diplomatic Corps. So, if it were train travel, then the conductor expected me, and I would be

shown to an empty compartment, shortly to be joined by a single ‘fellow traveler’. He would usually be joined, and it was always a he in my case, by up to four goons in the immediately adjoining compartment. They were my ‘send-off kommanda’. When I duly arrived in Kiev, Kharkov or wherever, I was delivered to the ‘arrival kommanda’.

One amusing incident in that regard comes to mind: on the way into Kharkov by cab from the airport, followed by the arrival kommanda in the usual black Volga automobile, we came to a traffic light in the middle of nowhere. The poor Volga driver chose to pull up alongside, rather than behind. There was no other traffic to be seen. I started to wave mischievously, causing the black leather jackets to turn their backs on me! I probably even turned my camera on them. I don’t remember.

### **Amateurs To The Fore**

In the provinces, my fellow-traveler train companion or assigned sleuth was apparently not usually a career security person, but a local Komsomol, with instructions just to observe me and, of course, report back ... but ‘not to touch’! Knowing that I would not be running any risk, and wishing to vent my irritation, I would usually give these poor guys a hard time, such as withholding permission to smoke.

In train travel, I was always alone in the compartment until joined by my fellow traveler. I would sit by the window, with my back to the direction of travel: my ‘companion’, to be sociable would sit opposite, so facing the

direction of travel – and the steam locomotive! At some point, after refusing permission to smoke, I would pull down the window, causing the Komsomol ingénue to be covered with soot from the engine’s smoke. Mean, I know, but I wished to show that I wasn’t going to allow myself to be intimidated.

After much banter about who I was and who he was, and being accused of being there to spy on me, the young man on the Lvov-Chernovitsi train, for example, said, well, maybe, but how did he know who I was. Fair question, I would answer.

I would cause additional confusion by, when the tea lady offered me some from the samovar at the end of the carriage, I would thank her and observe loudly, in Russian, that there seemed to be more Chekisti (goons) on board than passengers . . . while indicating the huddled types in the adjoining compartment pretending to play chess and ignoring what I’d just said. The poor woman didn’t know what to reply or which way to turn, while the goons in leather jackets in the next compartment continued playing chess or whatever, pretending not to have heard my perfectly good Russian.

All of that, it is safe to presume, was reported back to Moscow. So, if I was not eventually deemed a security risk, I was almost definitely regarded as a ‘little shit’! I’d love to know what that might be in Russian - Вкусок дерьма?

### **The Tell-Tail Coattails**



Once after visiting Pskov and its famous monastery on the border of Estonia, I decided to go for a walk outside the town and soon found myself going up a road with fields on my right and a wood on my left. Half way up a bit of a hill, I saw, as I expected, a figure in a raincoat emerging from the village behind me. There wasn't another soul in sight, and no cover. I continued up the hill, and decided to go into the wood on my left. Almost immediately, I found myself face-to-face with a wooden structure. A kind of a fort, I thought. It was square, or circular: I don't remember which. I went off in one direction, probably to the right – only to come face-to-face with a young guy in a mackintosh. He panicked and went back the way he came. I also retraced my steps, exiting the wood.

Standing in the road, looking for my shadow, I noticed smoke coming from behind a tree at the edge of the wood, and then coattails wafted out by the wind, all of which I joyfully, and maliciously, proceeded to film with my Bolex.

Another time, I was on a hilltop outside Uzhgorod with some students who wished to show me the first Sputnik transiting. Whether I was followed then, I don't know as I wasn't aware of it – or maybe the students stood in for that!

Strangely, or maybe the KGB had other fish to fry at that moment, I wasn't aware of being followed when I got off the train in deepest Ukraine to wander about Novgorod Volynsk and Zhitomir. Or maybe I didn't file a flight plan (!) and the powers that be weren't aware of my intention to leave

the train! I don't recall. What I was doing in those two places was hoping to identify and film where my London Russian-language coach, Yelena Ludvikovna Kaczmarek, grew up. I believe that I did find the house, but whether I was ever able to show the film to Yelena Ludvikovna, I don't recall. I'm beholden to Yelena for my love for Lermontov and Pushkin. We used to read passages from their works during my lessons. I still have a little compendium of the works of Alexander Sereiyevich given me by Yelena Ludvikovna.

### **The Kiev Connection**

Then there were the two Kiev students I befriended: emerging from the Intourist hotel in Kiev one morning in 1960, I think it was, and scanning the scene for my shadow, I noticed two young guys stage left. Now that I think of it, they seemed to be waiting for me. They, Alyosha Danilich and Vitaly Shostakovsky (?), approached me saying that they would like to practice their English. I warned them that they would be observed. They refused to believe that. I asked them if they could recommend a nice place for lunch. They suggested the restaurant in a stadium on the other side of the River Dnieper. After lunch, I pointed out the person I believed was following us. That didn't seem to bother them.

When Alyosha and Vitaly visited me in Moscow, we did some sightseeing together – VDNK, and they came back to my flat. Instead of talking there, however, I took them into the fire stair well, where we sat and talked.

Years later, with the help of his mother, I reconnected with Alyosha and his wife in Budapest where he was stationed as a lieutenant (English Interpreter) in the Red Army. Following that meeting, we agreed to meet again the following day before I left town. That meeting was ‘intercepted’ by a Soviet security officer, Ali Azizov, whom I had known in London. Looking back, Ali definitely knew where and when I was due to meet Alyosha . . . and maybe Alyosha did too!

I didn’t think like that at that time. Instead, I was very concerned for Alyosha’s wellbeing as a result of his meeting with me. So, over a long lunch which I hosted, I tried to convince Ali that he should speak to Alyosha’s battalion commander, informing him that my meeting that morning with Alyosha was just a friendly reunion, nothing nefarious. Ali consistently declined to do so, but I wouldn’t end the lunch until I had Ali’s word that he would convey that message to Alyosha’s superior officer. For some forty years I wondered whether Alyosha had gotten into trouble as a result of meeting me, only to be told two years ago on reconnecting in Kiev that nothing negative had happened to him as a result of our meeting in Budapest, but it was a quick, matter of fact reply which now makes me wonder! His reply to that, not unimportant question did seem a little offhand.

Before parting with Ali and Alyosha, Ali made me promise to meet somewhere that evening. I’ve forgotten where. Some hotel, I think. I panicked. Rushed to the British Embassy. Was taken into the ‘safe’ room, such as we had in the Australian Embassy. I was ordered to get out of the country as fast as possible. I rushed back to where I was staying privately.

Packed quickly and departed even faster. I took a wrong turn in my mad dash for the frontier with Austria, finding myself and my mini Riley Elf in the middle of a field at one point! Wow, was I relieved when I finally crossed into Austria. That's not my Elf below, but my little Riley was exactly the same.



It was a little unusual at that time for a Western journalist – I was working for Reuter then – to meet with an officer in the Red Army so, as I said, I was concerned all those years about what may have

happened to Alyosha. I cannot help wondering what would have happened to a young officer in the US Army after meeting with a TASS correspondent in Washington, even if it were only an innocent meeting of two friends.

*Tell that to the FBI!*

## **Back in London**

On my return to London, with a bulging bank account, Moscow living expenses having been minimal and not having had to pay taxes for more than two years, I was able to buy a small, 2-bedroom flat in a quiet East London backwater, plump in the middle of what would become the location

of the 2012 Summer Olympics. Not only was I able to furnish it, from floor to ceiling, but from the best furniture store in the capital.

In London, I was taken on by Reuter as a management trainee, probably because of my languages, French, German and Russian at that time. Before very long, however, I found myself editor of East-West Trade News, a weekly newsletter of 4-6 pages which, in those days, was printed and mailed to subscribers. I had to do everything, including reading all the foreign trade information coming into the office by teleprinter and otherwise, selecting, interviewing on the telephone and in person, tasking Reuter correspondents overseas for information, and composing the end result. The office had subscriptions to East Bloc media: I read the Soviet and East German, and Kurt Weisskopf, a colleague, the other.

I was fortunate in having a great mentor, Eric Hawes, a one-time school teacher. He was a kindly fellow, the perfect teacher. I would show him what I had produced: I would sit me beside him, and he would proceed to go through my 'copy', the technical term in the trade, and before I knew it, and without any unkind words, he had more or less rewritten my article. I assume that I became 'independent' in due course, to the extent that I eventually became bored after a couple of years, hankering for new pastures. One does need a little attention, a pat on the head from time to time. Alas, I experienced neither rebuke nor commendation.

### **Whitehall Called!**

Back to the non-spy business and the not too unpleasant duty of accepting invitations to receptions at the Bulgarian, Czech, East German, Soviet and other such embassies, where I would zero in on the commercial diplomats seeking information for my newsletter. Extra-curricular lunches and dinners with German, Polish and Soviet diplomats followed, with the result that I was soon on my way to a little office in Whitehall, instructed to do so by my boss, Bernard Gagin!! That was my second MI5 ‘invitation’ and the most serious, as it turned out.

The first invitation resulted from an amateurish surveillance operation. One fine morning, leaving my flat for my job in Fleet Street, I had to pass around the front of a car parked on the other side of our little side street. In so doing, much to my surprise – and consternation! – I saw that the a man sitting in the seat under my nose was holding a picture of me in his hands – the very moment as I passed by and looked down into the car.

Probably flustered, I continued the few yards to the corner en route to the tube station – stopped, and went back around the corner. A man had emerged from the car, apparently the one who had been holding my picture in his hand, because it was from that side of the car. As soon as he saw me, he set off in the opposite direction. I followed. Very shortly, he turned into a little lane, a cul-de-sac! When he got to the end, and could go no further, not more than 50-60 yards from me as I recall, he turned and looked at me, as I stood at the entrance to the lane and looked back at him. My eyes went automatically to his shoes – and I told myself that he was Russian. How wrong I was!

## **Those Misleading Shoes**

In Moscow, I had become accustomed to seeing the gaze of oncoming pedestrians fall to my shoes, that being one way at the time of identifying foreigners. Convinced that I was still ‘a person of interest’ to the KGB, I hot-footed it to the only friendly security contact I had in London at the time, namely the security officer in Australia House. I don’t remember how late I was for work, if at all, as Australia House is just at the other end of Fleet Street and the Reuter building.

I duly reported to the security officer, whose name I’ve forgotten, that I was being followed by the KGB! A few days later, I received a telephone call inviting me to an address in Whitehall, opposite Downing Street. There I was informed that it was not a KGB guy but a British spook whom I had backed into a dead-end lane. So much for the toecap-less, dirty shoes he was wearing!

The explanation: in those days and, who knows, still, diplomats, journalists and others, back home from stays in Communist countries, were routinely kept under surveillance by their own security services for some six months in order to determine whether or not they had been ‘turned’ while abroad. That was the end of the matter for that moment, but somebody must have had egg on his face as a result of the amateurish manner in which it had been handled.

Now the second Whitehall visit I was ordered to make by Bernard Gagin. Up a winding stair to a kind of garret, I was told that some of the diplomats with whom I was socializing were security officers and that, consequently, I was henceforth obliged to report on those meetings to my 'case' officer, whose name I've fortunately forgotten. I don't remember if I was intimidated, but I know that I was incensed: I was a 'journalist', and, as such, I did not intend to compromise my sources!

Back at 85 Fleet Street, on reporting back to Bernard Gagin, I don't remember what I told him about complying with the MI5 instruction to report on my meetings with Communist-Bloc commercial diplomats. I was probably told that I had to, or else. Nevertheless, I believe that I had no intention of following those instructions. I was a journalist, after all, so I couldn't possibly compromise my sources. Consequently, I determined to only pretend to comply. I let it be known in telephone calls with friends how I felt about those 'creeps' in Whitehall, in the full knowledge that my telephone was probably tapped.

### **As It Turned Out!**

I did, nevertheless, meet from time to time with my MI5 case guy, basically, I suppose, reporting on whom I'd seen and what we'd talked about. At one point, I was told that the Soviet cultural attaché I had been lunching, Ali Azizov, was an intelligence officer. I didn't wish to believe that at the time, as I enjoyed his company, as well as that of his wife, Masha. As Ali was not a commercial diplomat, I viewed our lunches as purely private, social



occasions. He and Masha had even joined me on a visit to my sister and brother-in-law and their family in Leicester. Ali soon gave up trying to feed me his line about how great life was in the USSR, after I observed that I had actually lived there for two years, and that there was no point in throwing sand in my eyes - *Metats pesok v glaza*.

In trying to resist the idea that Ali was an intelligence officer and not the cultural attaché he claimed to be, I pointed out to my MI5 guy that if I paid for one lunch, then Ali paid for the next. No matter, said the MI5 guy, he had to account for the expense, so those meetings were ‘official’ and not private.

It seems silly now, and it was, but I was still an idealistic 27-year old, very much enjoying the glamour of my new career as a Fleet Street journalist, courting the senior executives of the big UK companies doing business with Russia et al, as well as with their customers, in order to get ‘scoops’ for my newsletter . . . and I did have some great scoops. One in particular was when I was quasi held in a major UK boardroom, actually with a senior executive’s hand on my shoulder, so that I couldn’t get away to publish my story until some senior UK politician – I think it was the PM, had been able to get out of Washington, DC. My story was about the supply of large-diameter gas pipes to the USSR by a UK company – an embargo ‘no-no’ in the eyes of the US administration at that time.

As it turned out, alas, my case MI5 guy was right, and I was very wrong. As the manner in which Ali and I met became increasingly complicated, and

Ali's questions became ever more personnel, I realised that he was compiling what I later heard referred to as a 'character profile'. Still, that did not deter me – on the contrary. Once I realised what the game was about, I entered into it with gusto, thinking that I was clever enough to divine what was behind some of Ali's questions . . . and deflect them with dead-end or otherwise inconsequential replies.

### **No I Won't!**

That little charade came to an unhappy, at least for me, end when, at our last meeting in a fish restaurant on the Brompton Road, near Harrods, the mailed fist was shown. Ali had been attempting for some time to get me to write some report or other for him. Any report, it seemed, only that it be something from me to him in writing – by all means on a trade or commercial subject ... but I kept finding excuses for not doing so, or otherwise procrastinating.

I came up with a suggestion at the fish restaurant dinner that he should propose to Moscow that the USSR copy Morocco and start supplying natural gas to Europe. Morocco had recently started shipping natural gas to Europe in large LNG tankers, and I suggested that the Soviet Union build a pipeline to Klaipeda and do likewise. Ali jumped on that, requesting that I produce a paper for him incorporating just that suggestion. I demurred, probably pleading that I just would not have the time to do so before I left for New York. It was at that moment that the friendly mask was dropped and I was told that his people knew what I had been up to in Moscow – nothing

specific indicated – but it was clearly a threat. I realised that it was such, so agreed to produce the report but, needless to say, never did ... before being ‘up, up and away’ by BA to The New World . . . with my ‘case history’ following behind, but more anon.

## **Off To The Big Apple**

To digress and background a bit, I left Reuter after a couple of years, not because of Ali complicating my life, as far as I can recall, but because I was bored. I duly completed my little newsletter every Thursday, generally hearing neither criticism nor compliment from Bernard Gagin or anybody else there. So, I joined Universal News Services, London, as International Editor, and later the London office of AP-Dow Jones as a desk editor. AP-DJ was at that time building up to become a competitor to Reuters economic services, and I was duly transferred to the company’s New York headquarters. That was where I was going when I said do-svidanya to Ali – although it wasn’t going to be a total goodbye that aspect of my life, as I would discover before too long.

It was, in fact, my second trip to New York. Sometime in 1961, it must have been, I left Moscow for some R&R, going home first to East Kilbride, which is about one hour out of Glasgow by bus and where my father worked in the Rolls-Royce aero engine plant. That was when I was to purchase the kilt outfit I now associate with Guy Burgess. I later wore it when I accompanied Ambassador and Mrs Waller to a production of Shakespeare’s Macbeth in The Bolshoi put on by a visiting troupe from London’s Old Vic Theatre. I

was later to learn from a BBC documentary that Burgess had inveigled himself into the theatre via the stage door, probably with the assistance of his KGB handler, in an attempt to socialise with the visiting Brits. He appears to have failed in that endeavor.



Back to that first trip to New York. I purchased a ticket from UPDK, in roubles, so for almost nothing, to visit my favourite cousin, Irene, and her husband, Denis Darlington, in New York,

where he was passenger manager for the Cunard White Star Line.

I had flown to and from New York from Prestwick Airport, south of Glasgow, in a BOAC Britannia turboprop jet airliner (Right) – stretched out for sleeping on the way there, as I recall, across a lot of empty seats in the back of the plane.



I assume that I was met at JFK by Denis, to be taken to their lovely house on Staten Island. One day I visited Denis in his office in the Cunard Building on Lower Broadway, only yards from where I would later work in the Dow Jones

building on Wall Street. From there, Denis took me to one of the passenger piers on the Hudson River and where I was taken aboard RMS Queen Mary (Left) for lunch in the main dining room (Below-Left).



That visit was doubly special for me, because my father had put me on his shoulders in September 1938 to view the launching of her sister ship, RMS Queen Elizabeth, from the John Brown Shipyard in Clydebank, Scotland.

I was later, sometime in the early 1940's, to see the Queen Elizabeth emerge, painted battleship grey, from one bank of fog and disappear into another, as she made her way out of the Firth of Clyde en route, doubtless, to pick up troops from the USA.

At the time, I happened to be in a rowing boat off the town of Kirn, accompanying a friend of the family doing some fishing.

### **Enter the FBI**

So, once anchored in New York in early 1969, I think it was, and once again plying my journalistic trade as a 'foreign' editor with AP-Dow Jones on Wall Street, I did become aware in due time that I was once again being followed, but was it the KGB or the CIA?! Also, there were some suspicious

telephone calls. In due time, I found myself in an empty office in the FBI building in mid-town Manhattan. Well, not completely empty - there was a table and two chairs. I was invited to take one and an agent took the other, while a second agent stood. Part of the intimidation set-up, I presume. The table was empty but for a humungous file bursting at the seams, all of nearly 9-10 inches tall. If it were all about me, I would have been justified in feeling intimidated, pleased or proud, or all three but, of course, it was just a ploy to intimidate me, someone told me later.

Anyway, it transpired that MI5, I assume, had been kind enough to provide their US colleagues with some information regarding yours truly, no doubt dealing with my time in Moscow and association with dubious East Bloc types while in London. I really don't recall any of their questions. Subsequently, however, there was a problem to be overcome in seeking to become a US citizen. I had to hire a specialist lawyer in Washington, DC, to deal with that problem but, in the end, everything worked out and I duly became a US citizen – despite the fact that I still retained my UK citizenship, somewhat unusual in those days.

### **Anything You Can Do, I Can Do Better!**

Probably bored again with desk work, I left AP-DJ after some years to join a financial public relations firm, Bass & Co, and, when I realised that I could probably do that work just as well on my own, and for foreign companies, I left and set up John A Ogilvie & Associates Inc, having squirreled away

some \$13,000 in savings to enable me to do so. That would have been around 1975.

I probably continued to be a ‘person of interest’ for the FBI after my company was acquired by the Edelman public relations firm. Richard Edelman, the owner’s son, saw the foreign accounts I had as a quick way of getting his primarily product and marketing public relations company at the time into financial public relations as well as pr for foreign companies.

Two of the accounts I took with me to Edelman were very ‘foreign’, and probably not the ones in which Richard was most interested, namely the German Democratic Republic Ministry of Foreign Trade, the GDR Chamber of Commerce and Interwerbung, the former East German state monopoly advertising and pr agency, on all of whose behalf I worked during 10 years serving a large number of East German enterprises such as Carl Zeiss Jena and the Leipzig Trade Fair in the city of that name in East Germany.

### **My Emil Jannings**



My visits to East Germany were undoubtedly noticed by the FBI, so it was no surprise that they resulted in an unsolicited addition, on my part at least, to the unit of which I was head. He was Eric, but I can’t remember his last name at the

moment.

Eric was a dead ringer for the corpulent professor in the old Marlene Dietrich black and white movie, *Blue Angel*. Eric would get into the office ahead of everybody else in the morning; he knew all the water fountain gossip; and, standing on the other side of my desk, could read material there – upside-down!

I felt no resentment and enjoyed the relationship. It was that cat-and-mouse game again. If there were any stakes to be considered, or about which to be concerned, I wasn't aware of them. Eric and the FBI were just doing their job. So, let them get on with it – no skin off my nose!, as long as we could get our jobs done to the best of our abilities.

Eric and I often lunched together. He fancied himself as a 'Kremlinologist', and would discuss current affairs in that part of the world. I constantly charged him with being a CIA plant which, he usually denied, with a grin, but he was good fun, well educated, including stints at the Sorbonne in Paris and Heidelberg University. When I eventually left Edelman, Eric had, apparently to leave also, mission accomplished?

I later learned that he had gone to live in Charlottesville, VA, i.e. CIA headquarters and where *The Red October* was directed to make port in a creek nearby.

## **Vancouver**



In seeing me leave New York to take up residence in Vancouver, the FBI probably did CSIS the same favour MI5 had done them: it was just like the ‘Old Days’ in the Soviet Union, one ‘Kommanda’ would pass me onto another ‘Kommanda’ as I moved around!

So it was no surprise that, after a couple of visits to Vladivostok, and the setting up in 1994 of the Vancouver-Vladivostok Trade Association ... I should receive a visit in my home from a CSIS agent. That was altogether a more courteous way of approaching me – ‘the Canadian way’, as opposed to the summons to that intimidating, interrogation room in Manhattan.

Not surprisingly, CSIS was interested in learning about the people who were attending our VVTA lunches and other events. I really don’t remember any of their questions, except that they seemed to have an interest in our very first member, a Czech, or was he Slovak, who visited Pacific Russia regularly for the purpose of selling Canadian forestry equipment.

What was interesting, if somewhat amusing, is that I found myself dealing with a string of young neophyte Canadian intelligence sleuths – they were recent recruits to a just-formed counter intelligence unit in Vancouver. After a couple of years of very pleasant chats over lunch delivered to the room in some swanky mid-town hotel, I was ‘pensioned off’ with a First Nations letter opener, or is it called a paper knife? I was no longer needed – I was hurt!!

## **Keeping Tabs**

The FBI, or some relation thereof, didn't apparently wish to completely lose sight of me once I moved north of the border. In completing the legal work related to the registration of the VVTA as a BC company, my lawyer introduced me to the then chair of the Vancouver Board of Trade, Jill Bodkin. Jill had recently led a trade mission to Vladivostok, together with Jane Frost, a Vancouver Port Authority commissioner. I was most grateful that such a prominent member of Vancouver and BC's business community did agree to be the first chair of the VVTA, especially as I was a complete newcomer to Vancouver, knowing absolutely nobody here other than my lawyers and family.

I don't recall when, but it would have to have been in the mid 90's, Jill hosted a lunch at which I was to meet one Brewster C Denny, founder of the University of Washington State's Graduate School of Public Affairs, and former Lieutenant Governor of the State of New York. I assume that the WA media had covered the Vancouver business community's attempts to jump-start trade with the newly opened up Vladivostok and Pacific Russia in general. Brewster had undoubtedly consumed that coverage and 'passed it along'. To whom he was beholden, intelligence-wise, I don't know, but I choose to see him as an intelligence stringer, like Eric in New York, that being the journalistic term for someone who functions as a journalist from time-to-time, but is not a full-time member of the media in question.

I believe it was a pleasant lunch and that I was duly quietly quizzed by Brewster on what I was doing Russia-wise. Then – should I have been

surprised? - Brewster invited me to write him a paper! Déjà vu - That fish restaurant in London and Ali's demand that I write a paper for him!

To be honest, I can't remember what the paper was to be about, probably what I saw as the prospects for BC's fishing, forestry and mining companies in Pacific Russia, that being my 'religion' at that time. The paper was duly completed and delivered, and no more was heard of it or him.

Brewster was a member of a think-tank called then the Twentieth Century Fund, subsequently The Century Foundation, with headquarters in New York City and an office in Washington, DC. It describes itself as a non profit, public policy research institution committed to the belief that the prosperity and security of the United States depends on a mix of effective government, open democracy, and free markets!

### **It's Not Over Until It's Over!**



So, today, am I finally of no further interest to the Three Letter Men and their cohorts? That's probably not the case, especially if, as I might, make a farewell visit to some friends in Vladivostok.

My visa application would probably cause some lights to start flashing in at least two places in Ottawa. Then, later, should I decide to visit family in the UK, would MI5 start dusting off my file?

I might even motor down to Cheltenham to have a good look at my old ‘control centre’, namely Spaceship GCHQ, just to enable them to justify their keep!

It’s Over!

Vancouver, December 2020

## ***Cakes and Celebrations by Lynne Passmore***

I have never sat down beside you on a couch to peruse the pages of your family photo album. I have not had the opportunity to look at the collection of images that represent your life. Because of this, I can't compare. I have no way of knowing if the way my family "does life" is something that might be considered typical, or if, perhaps, my suspicions are accurate and we possess a general penchant for celebration. You see, if you were to skim through the snapshots of my family's memories, you would find mostly cake.

As a prelude to dessert, we have what we call "The Harris Family Celebratory Dinner." Although the components are subject to change according to seasons and cravings, the idea remains the same. That is, a special day calls for a feast. We've been known to have two feasts in a single day, or even to stretch one cause for celebration into multiple days of indulgence. We sate ourselves on Caesar salad and garlic bread, twice-baked potatoes and smoked BBQ ribs. If we are celebrating my birthday, it's spaghetti and meatballs, while my sister Liz's August dinner always includes buttery and delicious corn on the cob. Dan, my brother, is partial to filet mignon, and homemade pizza is sometimes the star of the menu. But even as we loosen our belts, content in the knowledge that the world might just be a perfect place, we mustn't forget the crowning glory of any celebratory dinner: the cake.

On the savory side of things, the Harris family members are all fairly easy to satisfy. However, we are each a little bit exacting when it comes to personal preferences in gâteau.

It all started with my Mom and Dad. You should know that they take their cakes very seriously. For days leading up to August 21<sup>st</sup>, Mom slaves over “Seven Layer Chocolate Chiffon Cake,” but when October 18<sup>th</sup> rolls around, she becomes the fortunate recipient of the aptly named “Perfect Chocolate Cake.” Each year my parents push themselves to raise the chocolate cake bar, making their cakes a little bit taller every time, to the point where a ruler has become a necessary piece of equipment at every birthday place setting. One can be guaranteed to receive a toothpick or two in their little slice of heaven, such devices being required to hold these towering chocolate masterpieces together. In the case of these delicacies, it really is true that all you need is a sliver; they are so tall that even a thin slice amounts to at least three pieces of ordinary cake.

For us, then, a cake is an offering of love. My childhood birthdays were charmed with a complexly constructed creation known as “The Enchanted Castle Cake.” Betty Crocker’s 1971 edition of *New Boy’s and Girl’s Cookbook* holds the key to this gem. Turn the yellowed pages to 101 and feast your eyes on iced turrets, pink pillow mint crenellations, and even a chocolate drawbridge! Betty recommends serving the cake on a tray lined with blue foil to suggest a moat, and to make grass for the outer edges of the tray from coconut that has been dyed green. My Mom followed Betty’s

directions flawlessly, and a fondness for special sweets was successfully passed down from parents to child.

As the years have progressed, the focus of my birthday festivities has shifted somewhat away from princesses and more towards chocolate. My personal cake specifications now have more to do with the execution of the confection than with anything else. What I love in a cake is a quality that I can only describe as “tight.” I want the icing to look as though it has been stretched and wrapped around the outside of the cake. Not fondant, mind you, but regular old butter cream spread in a way that only a master froster can accomplish. No piping or roses for this girl, just a strong and sturdy chocolate dessert. Fruit garnishes are permitted.

Liz, in a matter of taste that I find incomprehensible, favors vanilla over chocolate. Thus, her cake option is a beauty that goes by the name “Raspberry Delight.” Summery and fluffy, it is the antithesis to my cake in every way. White pound cake with raspberry filling is iced with whipped cream and topped with a crown of fresh raspberries. While it is not chocolate, even I can admit that this cake is every bit as wonderful; Liz merits nothing less.

Then there is Dan, middle child, uneasy when it comes to making his desires public, subject to the whims of his more demanding, more particular sisters, and his culinary creative mother. He gets what he gets. June 7<sup>th</sup> becomes a day of cake surprise, but really, how could you not love a day with a cake and a surprise packaged as one?

So, flip through our photo albums, and indeed, you will find us with cake, whatever the occasion. Tight cakes, fluffy cakes, surprise cakes, and cakes so tall that we had to get a second fridge in which to store the leftovers. Here I am, pretending to take a giant bite out of the side of an unusually lofty cake; there is Mom cradling a cake in her arms like a precious baby. Dad poses beside a cake that is bigger than his head. Dan reaches eagerly for (surprise!) homemade ice cream cake, and Liz smiles the smile of satisfaction – two cakes in one day. You may thumb through the pictures, your inner monologue secretly criticizing us for how much we tend to consume, but you might be surprised to know that you can bake a lot of love into a simple treat. And that’s just how we do it, with cake.

My copy of Betty’s old cookbook for kids bears a love note from Mom on the inside cover: “May you have many castle cakes.” It’s a wish I pass on to you. Iced turrets and chocolate drawbridges for all!

{First published in *This Great Society* in June 2010}



## ***Cinnamon and Orange by Allison Quiller***

Jill's eyes kept drifting back to the address scribbled on the sticky note on her dashboard. "202 Paintbrush Avenue." The name echoed in her head as she drove down the cracked residential street. The oak trees were ripe with autumn color, the reds and oranges vibrant in the misty day.

Two-oh-two Paintbrush Avenue, 202 Paintbrush Avenue.

The day before, Dr. Moore had handed back the term papers from Jill's Advanced Psychology class. "Protest, Despair, and Detachment: A Study of Grief by Jill Newmeyer." There was no grade, only the note and the address.

There. A two story maroon Victorian with a full garden and widow's walk.

Jill pulled into the driveway and checked herself in the mirror. Mousy. That's the only way she had ever been described, but whether it was because of her looks or because of the pinched and nervous expression around her mouth, she never knew.

She summoned up her courage, gathered her things and walked down the flagstones to the front porch. Red vines curled around the railings and several empty birdcages rocked in the breeze above the porch. The garden was rich, colorful, blooming. Jill glanced up at the tall house. Upstairs, a curtain swung shut.

What could Dr. Moore want with her? She wasn't the best in her class, but she wasn't the worst, either. Her work was always tidy and on time. She never complained or interrupted class. Jill kept to herself.

Her heels clicked, hollow as she ascended the steps. She stopped before the peeling front door, straightened her skirt and her glasses. Before she could reach for the bell, the door opened.

Dr. Moore's eyes behind her small round glasses were the first thing Jill could see. Then came her wide smile as she stepped out of the doorway. Her clothes billowed, and her grey hair spiraled past her shoulders. Several scarves hung around her neck in a spectrum of color.

Jill contorted her lips into an unfamiliar smile. As Dr. Moore shut the door behind her, a slight, sweet smell swept onto the porch. It reminded Jill of the holidays.

"Jill Newmeyer. My dear." The doctor beamed. Her teeth were very white, almost a transparent blue.

"Dr. Moore."

"We aren't in the classroom. Please, call me Ellora."

"Ellora."

“I have tea for us, but the water is still boiling. Let us sit outside for a bit. It's an appropriate day for that sort of thing, don't you think?”

“Oh, sure. That's fine.” Ellora ushered Jill over to the porch swing and sat in an eddy of flowing material. Jill lowered herself beside her.

The doctor sighed. “I am completely enamored with days like this. There is something romantic about it.”

“I suppose.”

There was a brief silence then. Ellora's eyes closed as she breathed in the cool air while Jill sat straight, her fingers toying in her lap.

“Um...” Jill ventured. Ellora's eyes opened. “I brought the copy of my term paper.” Jill started to rummage in her bag before Ellora's rich laugh cut her off.

“I'm sorry,” Jill stammered.

“Your paper is impeccable, dear. You approached the subject with a certain freshness that I haven't seen in years. But that's not why I asked you here.”

“Excuse me?”

Ellora stood and walked over to the railing. “I’m afraid I let my garden go this summer.”

Jill looked more closely at the garden. Weeds grew through the blooms, and the flowers bent their heads towards the soil. A mouse lay stiff beneath a rosebush.

“I must have been confused,” said Jill, “I thought you wanted...” She trailed off. She didn’t know what she thought Dr. Moore had wanted.

“My dahlias are wilting.” Ellora turned back to Jill. “I took a liking to you well before your term paper.” She shook her head. “I’m a bit embarrassed why I brought you over. I would like you to meet my son.”

The sound of a whistle pierced the air, making Jill jump. “That will be the tea,” Ellora said. Jill looked again at the mouse beneath the rosebush. A few feet away there was another, on its back. And by the dahlias, there were two, facing each other, their tails curled around their noses.

“Are you coming, dear?” Ellora asked.

“Yes.”

Ten minutes later, Jill sat in Dr. Moore’s cramped library, her hands cupped around a mug of tea. The room was warm and windowless. Dr. Moore had a photo album open to pictures of her son, Silus. He was dark and thin, and

even as a child there were few photos of him smiling. He was handsome, though, so Jill continued to humour Dr. Moore.

“Who's that?” Jill said, pointing to a tall man standing beside the sad-eyed boy.

“My late husband,” Dr. Moore said, and her eyes lingered on the photo a moment before she flipped to the next page. “I hope you like your tea. Cinnamon and Orange, Silus's favorite.”

Jill smiled weakly and nodded. Inside the house, the sweet smell that had reminded her of the holidays was thick and oppressive. Underneath it there was something else.

“Where is Silus now?” she asked.

“Just upstairs, dear. You'll meet him in a moment.”

“He's here?”

Ellora nodded and flipped to the next page of the photo album. “You'll meet him in a moment.”

Jill stood up and shook her head. She wished there were windows, or at least a picture. Books pressed down on her from all sides.

Dr. Moore took her glasses off and smiled. “You could have written your term paper about anything at all.”

“I think I need some fresh air,” Jill said.

“What made you choose grief?”

Jill sat again. Maybe if she sipped her tea. “It's... it's fascinating.”

“You're more than fascinated. You're familiar.”

“I lost my parents early on.”

“After my husband, I wasn't ready to let go of Silus. I didn't want to be alone.”

“I understand,” Jill said, although she did not. She put a hand to her forehead. “I should probably get going.”

“Don't be silly. Come upstairs and meet my boy.”

“If it's only for a moment.”

Ellora put a hand on Jill's elbow and guided her from her chair.

They came to a narrow stairway. Stiff, dark oil paintings covered the walls, shoved together in irregular patterns. Jill had to squint to see, and kept her hand on the wall to steady herself. The sweet smell was stronger now, and the odor underneath became more foul with each step.

Ellora opened the door at the top of the stairwell and motioned Jill inside. As Jill's eyes adjusted to the light, she suddenly placed the odor. The bloated body on the bed stared at her, disinterested.

It was dressed in a suit, it's arms lolling open as if to accept an embrace. Cinnamon sticks and dried orange peels littered the body and the bed like autumn leaves.

“Companionship is the key to happiness. You two will be spending much time together in the future.” She looked at Jill, still smiling. “How was that tea, dear?” Jill's fingertips began to tingle, and she heard her cup shatter on the floor. She backed toward the door, but she was already feeling light-headed.

Dr. Ellora Moore padded over to the bed, and stroked the body's hair. She looked lovingly into it's eyes, “This is the girl I was telling you about, Silus. Would you like some more tea?”

{First published in *This Great Society* in Sept. 2011}

## En Française



## ***Au Champ d'Honneur par Jean Pariseau***

(traduction du poème, In Flanders Fields, de John McCrae)

Au champ d'honneur, les coquelicots  
Sont parsemés de lot en lot  
Auprès des croix; et dans l'espace  
Les alouettes devenues lasses  
Mêlent leurs chants au sifflement  
Des obusiers.

Nous sommes morts  
Nous qui songions la veille encore  
À nos parents, à nos amis,  
C'est nous qui reposons ici  
Au champ d'honneur.

À vous jeunes désabusés  
À vous de porter l'oriflamme  
Et de garder au fond de l'âme  
Le goût de vivre en liberté.  
Acceptez le défi, sinon  
Les coquelicots se faneront  
Au champ d'honneur.

## ***Un Coup de Foudre par Patrick Bruskiewich***

Mes parents se sont rencontrés sur un bateau qui a quitté Brest pour Montréal à l'été 1959. Mon père était en poste en France depuis trois ans et retournait à une affectation à Ottawa. Ma mère était en vacances d'été et rentrait chez elle à Montréal. Ils se sont assis à la même table un soir sur le bateau, et le reste appartient à l'histoire. Ma mère ne parlait pas anglais. Mon père ne parlait pas français. C'était un coup de foudre. Ils se sont mariés un an plus tard.

Ma mère était institutrice – une maitresse d'école. Mon père était ingénieur aéronautique dans l'Aviation Royale Canadienne (RCAF). Mon père a promis à ma mère qu'il apprendrait le français. Il ne l'a jamais fait. Ma mère a promis à mon père qu'elle apprendrait l'anglais. Oui, elle a appris l'anglais.

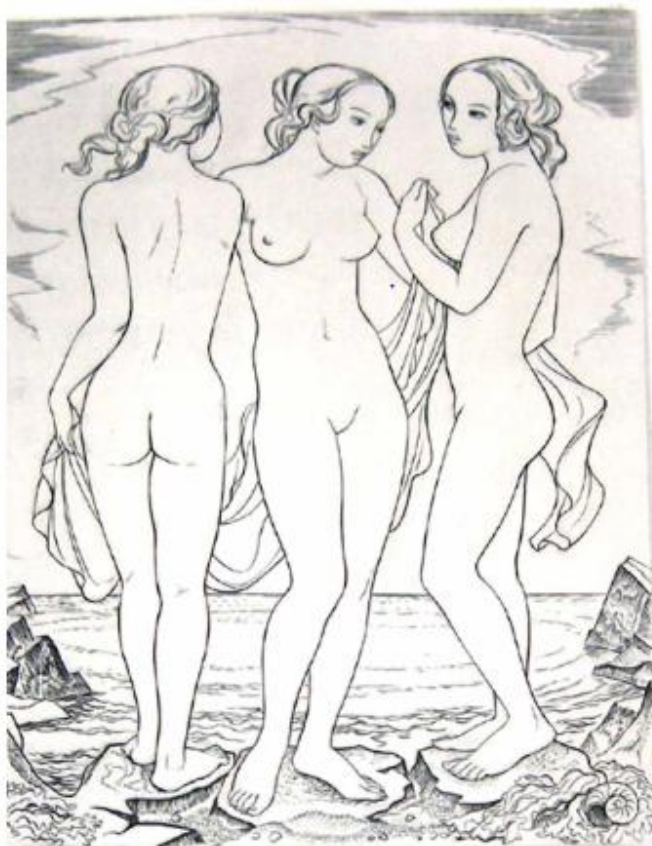
La plupart des Canadiens ne le savent pas, mais il y a deux petites îles dans la Voie maritime du Saint-Laurent qui sont encore territoire français. Pouvez-vous les nommer? Ce sont les petites sables de Saint-Pierre et Miquelon.

Quand j'étais jeune, les étés, de temps en temps, nous rendions visite à mes grands-parents à Montréal. Quand j'étais petit garçon, juste pour le plaisir, mes parents faisaient des excursions de la ville de Montréal à Saint-Pierre et Miquelon. C'étaient de petits voyages romantiques pour mes parents. Ils ne voulaient pas que leurs quatre jeunes enfants soient avec eux.

“On va en France,” diraient-ils avec un sourire, “et on nous laisse les petits avec les grands-parents.”

Je n'ai jamais pu comprendre, car je n'avais que six ans à l'époque, mais mes parents ne seraient partis que deux jours! Ils prenaient le ferry de la ville de Québec et s'enfuyaient furtivement à Saint Pierre et Miquelon pour une visite en France d'une nuit.

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*Editor in Chief: Patrick Bruskiewich*

## Novella

## ***The Bird's Nest by Patrick Bruskiewich***

The girl and boy had known each other since *le jardin d'enfant*, where they had both gone before first grade. They were now both in the fourth grade at a Catholic school in Edmonton. Patricia was an only child and somewhat of an extrovert. Peter was somewhat of an opposite, the second of four children and, being a forgotten child, was somewhat of an introvert. Nonetheless, the two were natural friends, not merely because they had grown up beside each other, but rather because they were two sides of a rather precious coin. They were mates ...

They both lived a street apart and the two class mates got along, not because they were completely alike, but because their differences complemented each other. Patricia liked reading, while Peter loved math. She liked art and he liked making things in wood. Each helped the other in those school subjects they were weak at. Each appreciated their difference from their other, more so than their similarities. After so many years of being close, their similarities were familiar, and therefore uninteresting to them both. They had become so familiar with each other that they could almost anticipate what the other was thinking, or even end the other's sentences. It was their differences that seem to draw their interest and attention.

Being so familiar, they were both comfortable with each other and talked about many things they would not even talk about with their parents. You could perhaps call Patricia and Peter '*the best of friends*,' but you could even

call them more than just friends. Why? ... because of the intimacy they both shared in a natural and carefree fashion.

For instance, they had both snuck down to the North Saskatchewan River one hot summer day and had ventured in for a swim, *sans habillement*, the French would say. She had suggested it. As was the case for some many adventures they undertook together, he was carried along by her enthusiasm. It was a luscious swim the two enjoyed. In fact it had really just been a walk into and out of the frigid gray waters of the river, but it had been luscious for them both. But they did not read much into their lusciousness, for at the age of ten, the differences between the genders had not been all that noticed ... one being an inny and the other an outy ... and if they were there was a timid awkwardness of friendship to it all. The knew that this difference was important but they as yet did not know why.

Peter regretted telling her that he would sometime sneak down there and go for a quick swim, searching for bits of coal and even fossils washed up on a sand bank near a bend in the river. That afternoon after showing her one of the fossils, it had been Patricia's idea for the two of them to sneak down to the river and her idea to go search together. "I want to find coal and stuff too." He had wanted to argue with her that collecting coal was boy's sort of work and collecting dolls and such stuff was girl's work. But she would have none of this. Instead off she set with Peter in tow.

The two friends walked silently along the long steep path down to the river. At a narrowing in the path she had fallen over and he had quickly helped her

up, and asked her if she was ok. She looked down the steep precipice, smiled and nodded. She turned back to the path, while he stopped for a moment. If she had fallen she would have dropped directly into the river. As you looked down into the gray waters he wondered if he had the courage to dive in after her to rescue her. Peter would have had no choice but to dive in after Patricia, even if it meant they would both be in peril and perhaps both drown. Peter look down the path as Patricia gaily continued on. There and then he knew he could not live without his friend, and followed Patricia down to the river.

Patricia had worn a simple yellow dress that day, and a straw hat with a soft blue ribbon. She had on her bare feet fancy European made sandals, a birthday gift from her aunt. They walked a bit until they were both near a sand bank in the river. Then she took her dress off straight away. There she stood in front of him in her white under things. There was an awkward pause. Then he stepped behind a tree and started to undress, so that they both got undressed behind separate trees some meters apart.

She had had a head start on him, and in fact wore fewer pieces of clothing and so it had been Patricia that had beat him into the water, and not the other way around. He did not mind. As he took off his cloths he dawdled. It was she who wanted to jump into the river, not him, for he had done this so many times before that it was no longer an adventure for him, but for Patricia this was undiscovered country. Being an extrovert Patricia constantly wanted to try new and exciting things, which sometimes put her at odds with her



mother and her expectation she be ‘prim and proper.’ But Patricia was mistress of her own universe.

Of the two of them, it was in fact Peter who was the shy and the timid one. Patricia had stood there waiting for him to join her, unabashed with the water at her knees, her hands on her hips and standing like a young Aphrodite. She giggled as Peter appeared unhurriedly and timidly from behind the tree, covering his embarrassment with his hands. He looked up at her and saw her in her entirety, the small mounds on her chest that would one day become more pronounced, and that remarkable pink one that was *the best of her*, that would one day become *la source de vie*.

Then there was Patricia’s smile ... well that smile could not be put into words. This summer day it was a bit impish. It was only when Peter was immersed in the water that his hands found their freedom. They the two of them splashed about carefree for a few minutes. It was like a dance. She drawing near to him and he drawing a bit apart because something rather embarrassing was happening to him and he didn’t really understand what it was and he did not want her to see what was happening.

Nonetheless she spied what he was embarrassed about and giggled. “You boys are so strange,” she said with a feminine laugh that made things even more awkward for Peter as she splashed him with the frigid river water. He had no choice but to turn his back to her and well even then, as he looked down at himself, he knew it had not made much of a difference. “Oh ...” she said, “stop being such a boy.”

To make matters worse the cold water had made him shrink almost to nothing, which doubled-up his embarrassment, for although he did not want her to see the *best of him*, he also did not want her to think him inadequate. He peered over his shoulder at her. She had nothing to fear for the *best of her* could not shrink away in the frigid waters of the Saskatchewan River. He looked at her and noticed that the ripples of the flowing river water made her even the more invisible. She smiled and even glowed with warm. This adventure had opened a new world for her, and perhaps for him, but at the time they did not know this.

He turned around and she tried not to notice, but he knew she was noticing. But so be it, he thought and walked back towards her. Together they set out to look for pieces of coal and found a few. No where could they find fossils, not even the smallest one. Content with two good pieces of coal, one apiece, it was time for them to get out.

Patricia had been first out of the frigid river water, pink and fresh. He watched her dash from the river and up to behind a tree where her clothes lay. This was the first time he noticed the roundness of her backside. Before she stepped behind the tree she had stopped, turned back at him, and waved. She showed no embarrassment. What embarrassment could a girl her age in fact show, he thought as he waved back. Then she blew him a kiss. That sent him into a spin, and his boyish embarrassment became warm and all encompassing. This emotion, and the sight of all of her beauty, became

imprinted in his mind's eye and would remain there for many years thereafter.

Peter emerged only after Patricia was out of sight. By then he was blue and shivering from the cold water. Patricia had heard him move about and so she snuck a peek at him, but he let her understand how he felt and she stared in amazement, with her mouth half open and half in a smile. He should have gone to put on his cloths, but instead of walking directly to his tree he walked over to her tree and stood nervous and unabashed beside her for a good minute. Patricia took both his hands into hers and held him at arm's length, watching the water drip off of him. She studied Peter from the top of his head to the tip of his toes. "You boys are so odd," she said again, this time in an earnest and honest way. "... so very odd."

When he shivered Patricia let Peter go and said "you must be cold ... go get dressed" He nodded and backed away before walking to his tree. But she was mesmerized by him and so followed Peter, keeping him company as he slowly dried himself and dressed. When he was squared away then and only then did she slip off the one piece of clothing she wore and stood before him. He said nothing for a good minute but stood there awed by what he saw. Then he said "You are so beautiful." His words triggered an immediate flush of embarrassment which flooded across Patricia's face and chest. She turned her back to him, put back on that solitary piece of clothing she held in her hand then walked back to her tree where she put on her dress, her hat and sandals. He let her go by herself.

After a minute she reappeared. As they stood for a moment in silence a certain sadness came over the two of them for it was time to return up the hill, and to the plain and simple things they had gotten used to. Together they started to walk back home. The sun was beginning to cast shadows into the river valley and the afternoon was getting on.

For a good ten minutes after dressing Peter was still shivering, but he did not know whether this was because of the cold or because he was so overcome with his own emotions. They stopped so sit silently, side by side on a giant log on the river bank for a few minutes in the sun to help him warm up. Silently they watched the river water pass slowly by and listened to the gurgle of the water. Pieces of drift would coursed slowly down river. Patricia looked over at him and then put her hand on his. Peter did not mind. Her hand was soft and reassuring. They did not say a word but savored each other's company in a profound and all encompassing silence.

Peter could feel her hand grow warm. He looked over at Patricia as she looked out at the river. For the first time Patricia and Peter had shared a special intimacy. Something had happened to him but he did not fully understand what that something was. He had seen the best of her, but then again he had seen his sisters in the bath and so it was not that. It was that other feeling he had had. Perhaps, Peter thought, when you shared such a special intimacy with someone you loved it was different. Peter then and there realized just how much he loved Patricia.

A jolt of energy coursed through his body and he suddenly felt very warm. Patricia felt that energy pulse into his hand and so she turned to him and smiled, as if she understood. He smiled back. They both knew it was now time to go.

As they walked back home Patricia beamed at him as if she was able to read his very private and personal thoughts. Then she had taken his hand, for the second time in fact, and together they had walked back up the hill and back to her place in silence. But unlike the walk down to the river, the walk back was a different type of silence. You could tell that in the cadence of their short steps and the warmth of their hands. She was not in a hurry now, but wanted to savor the moment.

They never talked about this intimate encounter. But it was Peter who insisted that if they went swimming again the next time they would bring their bathing suits. In his embarrassment Peter wasn't ready to complicate their simple friendship. Patricia, on the other hand, was not afraid to be intimate with Peter, and was not fearful of complicating their friendship. Peter knew that he would have to somehow get used to this. Otherwise they might start to drift apart.

When they stood at Patricia's front door she said "that was really nice." She lowered her eyes and blushed as she said this. He blushed too and didn't really know what to say and so he said the obvious "Let's walk to school on Monday morning." She looked up into his eyes a start, paused and then nodded slowly, closing the door silently behind her. It was then that a wave

of sadness crashed like a river wave over Peter. He found the courage to whisper “I love you.” From behind the door he heard a tremulous voice respond “I love you too ...” That afternoon Peter backed away from the door, not taking his eyes off of it, hoping perhaps against all odds that the door would spring open and Patricia would bound out. That day Peter took the long way home, and was late for dinner. His mother knew not to ask, because his thoughts that evening were somewhere else. He did not sleep well that night and the next one as well. Then it was monday morning.

Their school was almost a kilometer away, across a busy street with a flashing cross walk, and school crossing guard. Patricia lived closer to the school by one block and when the weather permitted Peter would leave a few minutes early so that he could stop by her place. Sometimes Patricia would be waiting for him and other times he would ring the door bell and wait so that both of them would walk to school together.

Patricia’s mother had mixed feelings about letting her daughter walk to school alone. Patricia’s mother also had mixed feelings about even letting her walk to school with a boy, even though Peter was Patricia’s classmate. Then again, Patricia’s mother had mixed feelings about everything. Patricia’s mother was a nervous ball of contradictions, and sometimes you could see that in Patricia’s angst, particularly when her mother was in a bad mood, which was getting more and more often, or had scolded Patricia for doing something wrong, like not acting like a prim and proper little girl, which was also beginning to happen more and more often. She blamed it on

her 'boy friend ...Peter' Thank goodness Patricia's mother did not know of their swim in the river!

Her mother had Patricia wear colorful and pretty dresses to school each day and even wear dresses on the weekend. But then Patricia was becoming a tom boy at heart. On the weekends Peter would sometimes bring her some of his clothes to change in, a pair of jeans, a shirt and some socks and sneakers and then off they went on their adventures together, with Patricia's hair tied back or braided, and hid under a cap. She would fold her dress and put her shoes in a knapsack that either Patricia or Peter would carry during their exploits. From a distance they both looked like boys and no one was the wiser. From up close though, the differences in the angularity and roundness of their faces forced the distinction. That and the roundness of her backside.

He had once again noticed her roundness when Peter helped her climb her first tree, the grand willow in the empty lot up her street. It was one Friday when they were walking home from school that Patricia mentioned how much she had always wanted to climb that tree, 'if only to the first branch.' And so that afternoon they stopped under the grand willow and he helped her up to the first branch. Timidly at first, but when she insisted he hoist her up, his nervous hands cupped the roundness of her and in an instance both their lives had changed, now for a second time. She from the vantage point of the first branch, and he had the vantage point of looking up at his friend sitting so happy on that first branch. Both their faces were red with excitement, and both of them were happy in their friendship. .

Peter had tried but couldn't figure Patricia's mother out – she was full of contradictions. Sometimes those very same contradictions showed through in the way Patricia thought or acted. This would confuse Peter instantly. 'Girls can change their minds' Patricia would say when one of these contradictions bubbled to the surface. But in a sort of double standard, whenever Peter contradicted himself, she would latch on to it and play it for all it was worth. Peter quickly learned to gauge her mood and whenever she was not in a happy mood, which was very rare for Patricia, he knew to tread carefully. On more than one occasion, especially when Patricia and her mother had had a fight, they would walk to school in silence. He would let her speak when she felt she wanted to.

One day she even cried and he tried as best as he knew how to comfort her by giving her a big hug. For the first few seconds she just stood there with her arms at her side, but then she hugged him closely and then didn't want to let him go. "I feel so alone," she whispered. Peter knew she was an only child and felt sorry for her. "I am your friend," he said to her and she stopped crying and kissed him on his cheek. That was the first time she had kissed him and it made Peter a jumble of nerves for the rest of the walk to school and for much of the morning as well. As they crossed the busy street and for half of the walk home they held hands, at least until they were in view of Patricia's house. Then without saying a word she let go of his hand and ran to her front door. Peter stood watching her as she rushed and disappeared into her house. He decided not to walk by her house that afternoon so he back tracked and walked the long way to his home. When



he arrived late he was cold and his mother was angry and wondered what took him so long. “Your older brother and younger sister had been home for a good half hour!” was all his mother could say to him. His mother even got Peter to wash the dishes that night he was being late, but he did not mind. He had helped his friend Patricia feel better.

When the winter came and the weather was particularly bad Patricia’s mother would drive her daughter to school, but Peter was never so lucky. Sometimes he would ring the door bell on his way to school hoping to walk with his friend only to find that the house was empty and Patricia had been driven to school. For some reason Patricia’s mother never drove the two of them to school together, even when it was snowing and very cold outside.

Perhaps this was because Patricia’s mother thought like Peter’s father ‘what didn’t kill you made you stronger.’ Peter thought differently. When it was fifteen below and blowing snow a short drive to school wouldn’t hurt, would it? Peter’s mother had two other younger sisters to look after and his father always left for work early each morning. He was an engineer and was always working hard to provide for his family of six. Patricia’s father was never home. Eventually he would realize that Patricia’s parents were no longer together. When you are in grade four adult ideas like marriage and divorce is undiscovered country and one of the taboo ‘adult subjects’ ... albeit one of the more timid ones.

To set the record complete, Peter had an older brother but he didn’t get along with him so in Peter’s measure of the world he was the only boy that

counted. And well, he much rather preferred Patricia's company over his own sisters, merely because he could take it or leave it as far as Patricia was concerned, they being school friend, and not living under the same roof. Peter's two younger sisters had a way of getting under his skin, especially the older of the two, who was a year younger than Peter and complained constantly. The family had been populated with kids over a three and a half year period – which caused a rather chaotic household. Nothing was good enough for the oldest of his two sisters. The younger sister was a bit of a mystery for when Peter was in grade four, his younger sister was herself only four years old. Peter enjoyed watching his younger sister grow up and sometimes would sit with her to watch Sesame Street together. His mother even took to plunking her into the bath with him while having to rush off to assuage the angst of the older of her two daughter.

Needless to say, sharing a bath with a younger sister meant that Peter knew more about the difference between boys and girls than most boys his age. But then again, Peter's favorite color was pink, and the reason why was that was the color of the blanket his little sister came home from the birthing hospital wrapped in, and was the color she was when Peter was first introduced to his younger sister some four years back. In a quiet moment when his mother was nursing the new born babe, he had seen the bounty of motherhood and the pinkness of his little sister. The sense of grandeur of the moment changed his view of both life and the universe as a whole. But somehow this feeling was not as intense as the feeling he had felt with Patricia when they had been swimming the previous summer. Yes it was special, but it also was different.

Despite the specialness of his youngest sister, since Patricia was a girl from outside Peter's own household she had a different mystique to her. He enjoyed being with Patricia more than being with his siblings. Some of the most special moments with her were their walks to and from school and they talked about things, intimate things, about marriage and babies and that sort of stuff. It made him warm inside.

This spring would bring them both a plentitude of special moments after they came across the Bird's nest on their way home from school one Friday afternoon. It was a robin's nest hidden up on a branch of a large willow tree that was in an empty lot three blocks over from Patricia's house. Peter knew the tree well, having climbed it many times last summer. Even Patricia had climbed the tree a few times with Peter's insistence and help, although deep down she would rather keep her feet planted firmly on the ground Patricia admitted she 'did not had a head for heights.'

They watched as the nest was being made and then as the eggs appeared and the mother bird, proudly sat on her keep. They watched as the father bird went about collecting the worms and other sundry to feed his wife and then as the eggs hatched they marveled at the orchestra of it all. The little birds chirping, ugly beyond all words. The mother bird tending of then two little birds as they squabbled and were frantic for food. And the poor over worked father robin that flew hither and thither to provide the grub for his family.

It was then that they also noticed the cat, an alley cat no doubt, drawn like them by the orchestra of it all. They noticed the cat sit and study the movement of the four birds, studying the tree and the to and from trips by the father bird from the lawns where he pecked the worms out of the ground and the nest where he carried the worms and laid them at the feet of his missus. The mother robin would take them up and regurgitated the worms for her two chicks.

Yes they watched this all, Peter and Patricia, naïve as to the great drama that was about to be carried out. Patricia and Peter thought nothing of it because the alley cat was a girl cat and well ‘girl cats would never harm anyone,’ Patricia insisted.

One afternoon the cat pounced on the father robin who, before he was mortally wounded by the alley cat, was able to peck at one of the cat’s eyes and partly blind her. The cat ran off leaving the cadaver of the dead robin for all to see, including the mother robin who began to whistle frantically for her mate. It was well past dusk that evening before she gave up her last hope. The harm had been done.

The following day Patricia and Peter stood solemnly over the pile of scattered feathers and looked up at the next. “Poor mother robin,” Patricia said, shaking her head. “What will she do now?”

Peter said nothing. He was thinking about the poor father robin who lay dead at their feet. Peter noticed a dead worm next to the dead robin and

suddenly said “maybe we can feed the robins ... at least until they are old enough to fend for themselves.”

“What could we feed them?” Patricia asked. “Seeds?”

“Maybe worms?” Peter said, but Patricia gave him such a face. “And seeds too.” He retorted. “I will find the worms.” Patricia nodded.

And so off he went in search of worms, which he began to toss up to the mother robin. To begin with she was frantic with confusion and anxiety, until she began to appreciate that Peter and Patricia meant her no harm. She even began to take the occasional worm into her mouth to feed her now very hungry children. When they had done their good deed of the day the two friends went home to their own dinners.

The two friends met up at the birds nest the following afternoon, Patricia brought a small bag of sesame seeds she had pilfered from her mother’s kitchen cupboard. Peter brought a can of worms he had dug out his back yard that very morning. The mother robin was appreciative of both treats. The baby birds chirped gratefully.

As the two of them watched the orchestra Peter asked Patricia, “how will they manage without their father?”

Patricia turned to him and said “the same way I do ...”

Peter looked over at his friend. He did not know what to say to her. He looked down at the diminished pile of bird feathers and bones and said “boys don’t have it easy do they?”

Patricia spun on her heels and for the first time he saw a flash of anger in her eyes. “It’s us girls who don’t have it easy!”

He looked down at the pile of feathers and said. “Look what has happened to the father robin ...” Patricia was silent but still seething. “What’s wrong?” he asked her.

“It’s the girls who have babies and it is the girls who have to look after them.”

Peter was speechless in a sort of veneration as she said this.

“You boys have it so much easier ...” Patricia was most insistent.

But this annoyed him. It was then that Peter remembered an argument his grandparents once had over why his grandfather never did the vacuuming around their place. He was a cripple having been hurt in an accident while working in a coal mine, not too far from where Patricia and he had found the pieces of coal. “Men and women will be equal,” his grandfather said to his grandmother “when women work in the coal mines and men work in the kitchens ...”

He turned to Patricia and said the same thing ... word for word ... and then walked away. He didn't know why what Patricia said made him so angry. It was the first time he had been angry with Patricia.

Patricia just watched him as Peter walked away.

He did not see her the next day, nor the next, partly because he was still angry, and partly because he was ashamed with his anger. He still went to the birds nest and fed the birds worms, this time twice a day thinking that Patricia might not hold up her end of the entente.

It was the third day that he spotted her, and she him and they just stood there at a distance before Patricia raised her hand and gave him a tentative wave. Then he started to walk towards her. When they were a meter apart they just stood and looked at each other trying to gauge the other's mood.

Then Patricia did something she had never done before, she apologized. "Boys and girls are different. We are not the same. I know that my toil will be to have children and raise them and your toil will be to provide for your family. Your toil is more dangerous."

Peter said nothing but his face spoke for him. He was flush with a blush.

"I phoned my father and asked him why you were so upset with me and he told me. He explained by reminding me that the father bird died protecting and providing for the mother robin and his children."

Peter nodded his head.

“My father explained that this is the same with people. That is why boys die so many years before girls and why so many boys die in accidents at work or in wars.” Peter suddenly became very emotional. Tears began to gather in his eyes. Patricia stepped closer to him and then gave him a hug. She pressed him close.

“I don’t want to die young ... and I don’t want to die having to protect my family.”

Patricia kissed him on his cheek and whispered into his ear “then maybe you should become a chef.” With that the two friends began to giggle.

And the mother robin joined in with her chant as well. And the two little birds were strangely quiet as Patricia and Peter walked away hand in hand ... friends once again.



## A Play

## ***The Nightingale~ a play by Stephanie Cui***

### Characters of the Play

PHILOMELA, Athenian princess, sister of Procne

PROCNE, sister of Philomela, married to King Tereus of Thrace

TEREUS, Thracian king, son of the god of war, Ares

ITYS, son of Tereus and Procne

THRACIAN, a merchant living on the outskirts of Thrace

ROBIN, wife of the merchant

MAID of Procne

MESSENGER

### PART I

*Procne stands by the velvet curtains in her chamber and looks longingly out the window. A bird perches on the windowsill, its blue feathers shivering in the cool autumn breeze as if dyed by the color of the sky. Enter the maid.*

PROCNE

What is the name of that bird?

MAID

What bird?

PROCNE

If I am blocking the view, perhaps you can hear it sing.

MAID

I can only hear the faraway trumpets and the wind

whispering of your King's return.

PROCNE

Finally! This bird could have migrated from the south of Athens  
to the north of Thrace before Tereus' return.

There are only two people that I can't live  
without, and one has gone to seek for the  
other.

MAID

The princess has never gone on so long a journey.  
She must be weary and needs some rest.

PROCNE

Not before she sees all the mountains  
and rivers, and glances every rock and  
flower of Thrace.  
I will put on that cloak against the vicious wind.

MAID

The bird is still there, lifting its proud head in silence.  
It is a swallow.

PROCNE

Make it leave! I don't want my sister to see  
a bird that does not sing.

*Exit Procne. The maid chases away the swallow. The bird swiftly departs without a tweet. The maid hurriedly exits to catch up with Procne. They make their way to the front gate of the city. Enter Tereus, alone.*

TEREUS

You greet me with this icy stare  
when I thought I'd be welcomed by a warm embrace.

PROCNE

All the hues and colors fade from my eyes,  
as I see you standing there alone in black and white.  
No, I don't owe you an affectionate welcome,  
but you owe me an explanation.  
Where is Philomela, my fair sister?

TEREUS

I will explain everything to you,  
including the absence of your sister.  
*(to the MAID)* Hold your queen,  
for I'm afraid I am the bearer of bad news.  
But don't blame me because I am not the doer.

PROCNE

Not doing and failing one's duty is an equal sin to me—

TEREUS

Leave the judgement to the gods. Your words are no law.  
Blame the gods for all I care, or turn your bitterness and vengeance  
towards nature—the true doer.

PROCNE

The nature of man?

TEREUS

The natural course of life! Your sister

died of a foreign disease that struck her  
youthful body and made her beauty and life  
wither overnight. Before her eyelids were  
locked forever, her lips trembled, calling your  
name.

I buried her corpse by a stream near a forest.

PROCNE

You will find a hallow chamber

at where my heart used to be,

yet my head isn't empty.

A disease could never find its way to her

if she was well under your protection.

According to your account,

the sickness struck so suddenly like a  
thunderbolt, and you sought no help to  
save her life. Then, you had no courtesy,  
no love,

nor any respect for her, otherwise you  
would have brought her body to me or  
back to Athens. How senseless of you to  
leave her soul

wandering in a foreign land!

TEREUS

I am too weary from the journey  
and too numbed by this bone-chilling wind  
to answer your unavailing accusations.  
Tend to me later when you worked out reality  
in your little puzzled mind.

*Exit Tereus.*

PROCNE

I fear that I will never hear the sweet voice of Philomela again!

Part II

*Philomela knocks on the door of a plain house, soaked in the early autumn rain. An old man answered. Philomela stands still, with a pleading look on her face, but fails to utter a word. The old man is shaken by her ghastly appearance and shuts the door instantly. Philomela sunk to the ground. Enter the Thracian.*

THRACIAN

I was lying soundly on the bed with my wife  
when our dreams were disrupted by a singing bird.  
In mid-summer nights we often hear the nocturnal tunes,  
sang by some creatures hidden in the palm tree leaves.  
However, the melody that woke us tonight wrenches my heartstrings.  
If the bird knew human language,  
she'd been pouring out words of sorrow like the bitter rain.  
Yet she was forced to sing the sweetest sadness

that no one understood.

The mystifying voice lured me down the alleyway.

With the dim torch in my hand,

I now see the silhouette of a collapsed figure.

The rain has no mercy on this stranger.

Why, it's a young girl! She lies unconsciously.

I will carry you on my back and bring you home.

Be forever grateful to the bird whose song saved your life.

*Exit the Thracian, with Philomela on his back.*

*In the house of the Thracian merchant, his wife Robin anxiously waits for her husband's return. The door creaks, and she dashes toward the entrance.*

ROBIN

You're back! What a relief.

The beasts in the forest venture at night.

Alas, who is this girl you carry on your back?

Was she out there in the pouring rain?

She must have a long story to tell us tomorrow.

Settle her on the bed while I fetch some dry clothing.

THRACIAN

I knew I could count on your hospitality.

Tomorrow morning, I will depart early for trade.

*The next day, the Thracian leaves before the break of dawn and arrives home accompanied by the silver moon rays and twinkling stars. He finds his wife and Philomela sitting beside the fireplace, each with a bowl of steaming soup in their hands.*

ROBIN

Have some soup to warm your body.

How has your day been?

My day's been a memorable one,  
for I don't often have company when you're gone.

Before we discuss about our guest,  
can you read what's written on the wall?

THRACIAN

P-H-I-L-O-M-E-L-A.

ROBIN

Philomela? Is that your name?

*Philomela nods.*

THRACIAN

What's the matter? Can't she speak?

ROBIN

No, and she wasn't born this way.

When I fed her water this morning,

I discovered the most horrid crime!

The poor girl's tongue had been cut out,

and I believe a man has done the deed.

THRACIAN

Aman!

ROBIN



The gods are cruel, but they have  
other means of silencing a helpless  
girl.

If it pleases them, they can  
transform her into a primrose  
that only blooms at dawn. But  
physically deforming her!

THRACIAN

You're right. The gods have done worse,  
but there is beauty in their works.

ROBIN

The only motive I could think of  
is to seal her lips from leaking a secret.

THRACIAN

Torturing a girl and abandoning her to die—  
I can find no motive that could justify this!

ROBIN

Never mind the motive.

*(to Philomela)* How can we help you?

THRACIAN

That is too broad a question for her to answer.

ROBIN

Do you have a home?

*Philomela nods.*

ROBIN

Is it anywhere near?

*Philomela shakes her head.*

THRACIAN

Can you find a way home? I could find a horse—

*Philomela interrupts with a violent shaking of her head. Determination and strength are sparkling in her reddened eyes. She lifts her shivering fingers and points to the ground.*

ROBIN

I think she wants to stay.

Part III

*Philomela is alone by a stream in a quiet forest. The sun is slowly descending, and her heart wrenches at the thought of being left alone in the dark.*

PHILOMELA

*(to herself)* I have to get out of this forest.

Imagine if I die here—a remote forest in a foreign land!

I never should have left my home in Athens.

*She is suddenly stunned with realization and disbelief. She's able to speak and her tongue is intact in her mouth. Looking down at her own reflection in the water, she pinches her face gently.*

PHILOMELA

I am conscious of the fact that I'm in a dream,

then why haven't I awakened?

This dream has a quality beyond reality.

The forest doesn't appear more real,

indeed, the silence creates a dreamy atmosphere.

But the feelings throbbing in my chest  
are as strong as an earthquake, shattering reality.

I can speak again! The sweetness of words  
at the tip of my tongue drowns me in child-like gaiety.

I am a child who learns to utter her first word,  
who cannot wait to query, to shout, to sing,  
or to whisper in the hole on this sycamore tree.

Yes, I will tell my secrets to thee.

I lost many things that I once took for granted.

I lost my mother; I lost my sister when she  
went away, and on my way to find her I lost  
myself in this forest. I lost the rainbow that  
used to emerge in my room every morning;

I lost my youth; I lost my body,

and I lost the agency to express my losses.

Now I realize that none of these people  
or things ever truly belonged to me,  
but they will remain with me until my last  
breath. The physical existence of a tongue  
blinded me from seeing that I've always  
been silenced.

I lost my tongue to be able to sing again, day  
and night, and this time, everyone in the world

will hear me. O gods of Olympus hear my  
prayer.

I haven't prayed in days, for praying in heart  
and praying out loud always seemed different.

Take my eyes so I can see light in this endless darkness.

Take my ears so I can hear the whispers of the wind.

Take my nose so I can breathe the air of freedom.

Take my tongue so my words would never be ignored.

Who would've thought that the first time I left my cage,

I ended up in the wilderness of a forest.

Yet I feel welcomed by the leaves, the rocks, and the stream.

O running water, are you the spirit of my naiad mother?

Her spirit presides within my heart,

and now the magic of her love shelters me in this forest.

*She runs her fingers in the running stream, and her eyes are shining with  
tenderness and strength.*

PHILOMELA

Mother, tell me what to do when I am awakened!

Taking refuge in a commoner's house,

miles away from my sister Procne.

The double-tongued king will shield her away

from ever meeting me or knowing the truth.

Imagine what lies he had told her about me,

and how heart-broken she must be!

I do not blame her for trusting her husband,  
for not only society considers this  
among the highest virtues of women, but  
also the most natural human courtesy  
between lovers. Yet men always proclaim  
that love is the culprit,  
and that they were trapped under the spell of Aphrodite.

Love, unlike lust, is tender like a whirlwind,  
swaying the willows and leaves a lasting fragrance when absent.  
The storm of lust, however, leaves nothing but ruins behind.  
Though temporary, it's no temperate temper.

Look, the sun has set in the west.  
May the stars light up the path towards my sister.

In Thrace, Tereus rules the world,  
so the world is against me.

However, too great is his power and  
responsibility, and he will easily overlook  
trivial matters. This is where I will direct  
my aim.

A plan emerges in my head like the rocks  
emerging after the ebbing tide.

The Thracian woman who showered me  
in warm hospitality sells her works of textile,  
carried to the capital by her husband.

I shall learn the skill from her,  
and weave my soul into a tapestry: that by  
outward appearance a harmless masterpiece,  
but hidden within is a revenge in disguise.  
Together we will shake the root of this kingdom  
and make the unfaithful husband pay the price  
of his crime. The reign of Tereus ends here, and  
I his hamartia.

Farewell, the forest of my thoughts,  
I will remember this tender wind and the scent of home.  
Alas, I must depart this wonderland  
as my mind rushes to reality.  
Wake up, my body! Time to leave.

*Philomela steps into the shallow stream and lies down in the water, her  
eyelids shut and her hair wavering. She slowly drowns with the sinking sunlight,  
and she wakes up with the word "dawn" on her lips.*

#### Part IV

*Procne dresses in a nightly color to mourn her sister. The swallow visits her  
window again, and she traps the bird in an intricate cage.*

#### PROCNE

*(to the bird)* You come every morning to my  
windowsill. Perhaps you love the view as much  
as I did years ago when I first arrived in Thrace.  
Now you are flipping your wings, trying to escape.  
Will you sing for me?

Sing me a swan song as I dig the grave  
for all my love that died away.

I shall release you from this cage at midnight,  
and you will fly away without leaving a feather behind.

*The sun soon goes down, and Procne releases the bird into the infinite darkness.  
Indeed, it never returned. The maid enters to help Procne get dressed in the  
morning.*

MAID

My queen, are you wearing the same dark cloak?

PROCNE

I don't have to wear it for long,  
but my heart will be clothed for years.

MAID

For years!

PROCNE

Or forever.

MAID

If it pleases you, the king sends a new tapestry—  
though not woven in the finest wool or cotton,  
it is the work of the paragon of weavers.

PROCNE

You've seen it yourself?

MAID

No, but the king praises it so.

PROCNE

And the king sends it to me?

MAID

I heard it was sent by a country artisan,  
and it should've been sent directly to you as a present.

There were some errors in the process,  
so the gift went before the king instead.

He then gave permission for you to have the tapestry.

PROCNE

Is a King's duty merely to look over tapestries?

MAID

I cannot produce an answer that pleases  
both the king and the queen.

PROCNE

You answer should please your truthful self.

Bring me the tapestry, and I will admire it

like an obedient and faithful wife.

*The messenger enters, carrying the roll of tapestry woven by Philomela.*

PROCNE

I recognize you as the royal messenger who's  
responsible for the transmission of significant intelligence.

MESSENGER



You flatter me with your belief of my position, my Queen.

I merely deliver messages as the King commands.

PROCNE

And you have no other affairs to run after

except the delivery of this tapestry?

MESSEGER

You're right, my Queen.

May the peace in Thrace last 'till the end of my days.

*The messenger unrolls the tapestry.*

PROCNE

Both of you! Take leave immediately.

*(to the messenger)* Wait outside the door—

since no better affair keeps you busy—

until I call on you.

*The messenger and the maid exit.*

PROCNE

I am bewildered at the cause and means,

but this tapestry was sent to me by my sister!

The fabric breathes its story to me,

in hidden codes and concealed symbols,

but its full image and essence plain to me as  
the sun. Before my eyes is the nightmare that

she went through with the most dreadful details.

How she managed to survive this storm!

*Procne bangs on her door desperately. The messenger enters.*

MESSENGER

At your service, my Queen.

PROCNE

I want you to find the weaver of this tapestry  
and bring her directly to me.

MESSENGER

You sound certain of the artisan being a woman.

PROCNE

I am sure of it. Go with haste!

*The messenger exits.*

Before the return of my sister,

I shall boil our revenge.

Not to alert Tereus beforehand,

I will put an end to his evil breeding and  
present him with the token that marks my  
triumph. Bring me his only son, the heir to  
his throne.

*The maid enters with young Itys. Procne holds her son in her arms. The  
maid exits.* PROCNE

No one will criticize women for lacking reason  
when I sacrifice my own flock for justice.

You're fortunate to escape this earthly prison,  
never having to witness the nature of men.

You will never grow up to be one, either.

Tereus shall taste his own sins  
and swallow his wrongdoings.

Worst of all, he will enjoy his last meal  
and feast on it while I devour his life.

*At night, the messenger escorts Philomela to Procne, who just finished preparing the stew made from the meat of Itys. The two sisters embrace tightly and cry together.*

PROCNE

My dear Philomela, there's no need to speak  
for I understand you within a heartbeat.  
Hide behind the curtains and observe the fall  
of the cannibalistic king who consumes our fiery range.

*Tereus enters, completely unaware of Philomela's presence.*

My King, have your stew.

TEREUS

It's delicious, especially the meat  
which has a unique flavor to it.  
Have you prepared it yourself?

PROCNE

Indeed, my King. I butchered the poor  
beast myself and cooked his meat for  
hours.

I believe you've enjoyed his flesh:

the pot is empty, like your conscience.

TEREUS

Why do you speak with such artful language?

PROCNE

Do you wonder what was the meat you've just tasted?

TEREUS

I believe you're about to inform me.

PROCNE

You read my mind like a book, my King.

After much suspense, we will present you with his head.

*Philomela appears from behind the curtains, with Itlys' head in her hands.*

Speak, my King, before you're deprived of the chance to.

TEREUS

You foul, merciless witch

who slaughtered your kindred, your flesh and blood!

Did you chop off his head with this axe?

I will make the weapon responsible for two more ghosts tonight!

*Tereus picked up the axe and waved it ruthlessly towards the sisters.  
Philomela begins to pray.*

PHILOMELA

*(praying in her heart)* The gods of Olympus,

bestow us two pairs of wings to break free of his wrath!

*The axe is high in the sky and is ready to break the bones of the sisters. However, right at that instant, all three of them are transformed into birds. The axe hits the ground as the birds take flight and disappear into the forest faraway. Tereus is turned into a hoopoe, Procne a swallow, and Philomela a nightingale.*

*The End*

## Canadiana

## ***With Arms Outstretched by Gemma Crowe***

Ciliary muscles contract focusing light on the retina

Left transversus abdominis adducts

Right Latissimus dorsi flexes

Right Trapezius flexes

First to fourth right distal and middle phalanx extend

Radius and ulna extend supinated

Right psoas major, Iliacus, rectus femoris and  
sartorius flex

Right subscapularis contracts

Left subscapularis extends

Erector spinae  
contracts

*Gesture:* is the language we do not speak.

*Connection:* is the meeting of intention with resolution, physically, or in an understanding passed from one to another. Communication and physicality can be one in the same when it comes to connection.

*Reach:* is the site of an invitation to connect: asking, giving and beckoning from one to another.

Everything that is not uttered straight from our chest is said via the body.

## **The Gesture of Reach**

The most useful parts of our physical being have a way of becoming reduced to a practicality that becomes chronically difficult to dispute. The body manifests more than we can put into words. It is regularly exploited and commodified in ways we aren't even aware of. In extending a hand out, I am speaking our collective first language. That act, when suspended, is ripe with feedback. When I reach out, I feel vulnerable, whether I am offering or asking, the obviousness of the gesture leaves no room for self preservation. Extending the arm, and reaching a hand out exposes us to consequences of pride, but I would also acknowledge the participation of the shoulders and the precarity in the redistribution of weight that opens us up to a physical sense of risk. One can perform this action with varying degrees of commitment, but at the sacrifice of clarity and the ensuing success. The backspace is the unsung hero with the core engaged and major mobilizers at-the-ready to continue forward or to counterbalance. Behind the scenes, it is poised to step in while the shoulder eloquently gesticulates.

Think about what the shoulders carry: anything picked up in the arms, anything slung or packed on the back, most of what we wear - often as a means of visually identifying ourselves - is propped up on our shoulders. Together, the shoulders carry the head, encase the windpipes and vital arteries, and descend down to house the heart and lungs. The shoulder is the representational edge of our heartspace: a shoulder to cry on, or to shoulder the blame. With limited articulation of their own, the shoulders reveal more



subtly with subconscious messages we don't necessarily set out to express. As the point of initiation, the first participating reflexive action, the shoulder authors the invitation for connecting with the world, and that which (for the sake of categorization) is outside of us. The invitation within the gesture must be sustained until it is recognized and accepted, or rejected. The unacknowledged invitation hangs in time and space long outlasting the moment and ever-heightening our awareness of the emotional bid, raising the initial stakes of the gesture. The shoulders, arms, and hands are charged with much of our typical functionality, so much that this area feels essential to connection. With any body composition, ability, or range of motion, however, I would argue there exists a shoulder, as the site of extension. The place that rolls, tenses, and caves in accordingly. The part of us that with limited resources of mobility, reveals immensely. This is the one place in the body that becomes involved when any amount of physical reach is performed.

How often do we use reaching as a gesture? It is the gesture that precludes the act of exchange; we don't shove something into someone's chest, unless we're doing it in a decidedly un-giving way, nor do we snatch something that is being offered in our direction. We extend in a performative fashion, more expositional than necessary. It starts fast so as to catch the eye, then slows down, giving the receiver time to meet the gesture, either taking something or giving it back. The gesture is the functional component more so than the actual action. While it is almost identical in intention, there is an intermediary, which reroutes the entire action through the engagement of the other, and their subsequent enablement. What is demonstrated here is a

desire, then acknowledgement and connection, specifically between people. What is distilled in this process? The ask. Asking to have or asking to give, we're aching to connect via point-of-contact perceived, theoretical, or concrete.

The opening of the hand, submissive and supine, is essential in the reach as the grasp is the intended outcome we're representing. Without the open, receptive palm, the gesture becomes indicative. We see this in pointing, or directing with the angle of the arm, in which case; the objective is to guide the gaze, to direct or move the attention, usually away.

The hand is important, but it is not everything. The fact that we can hold our hands out in front of us to analyse them separate from the rest of the body, the concept of self, makes them somewhat removed from our inherent being, but the shoulder is undeniably in collaboration with our head and our face - it is part of the whole picture, an assemblage of the self, and what others recognise as us.

## **The Direction of Desire**

The physical and figurative connotation of reaching out is an extension towards that which is out of our immediate grasp. When we extend ourselves, we indicate our desire. Our needs can be self-explanatory, and our wants, arbitrary, but that which we desire has more of a specificity of time and direction. In the word desire, there is an urgency suggested. Desire tends to be future-oriented as we cannot desire something in the past. I would even

ascribe a proximity to desire; in front of us spatially, ahead of us as positioned in time, but close enough that with any amount of reach, could hypothetically be attained.

Desire is predicated by lack. Franco Berardi quotes Jean Baudrillard in *Desire, Pleasure, Senility, and Evolution*, in saying that “the entire history of capitalism is based on permanent desire.” Implicit in this statement is a constant sensation of lack, fueled by growing conviction for what we supposedly “need,” creating perpetual desire. How do we attain our desire? Capitalism positions us to obtain only the material consequences of our desires, which is temporarily diminished by the products and services gained by means of our own. Here is the real clincher, our sense of desire is stoked 24/7 but we’re not meant to believe we can get it from each other, or for free. We are meant to spend money on things to tide us over, all on our own. Berardi further states “capitalism is, in fact, based on an endless postponement of pleasure, and simultaneously on the permanent excitement of desire. Virtual capitalism—what I call semiocapitalism—is an intensification of both these conditions, postponing pleasure and exciting desire.” If we’re expected to meet our own needs, the reach can not only feel vulnerable but also a little guilty, like an admission of our limited capacities, or shortcomings.

It’s like the proverbial carrot dangling in front of our face to get us to perpetually proceed. Desire is the act of directed intention. The reach is not about obtaining something, that would be a grasp, the reach is the gesture, an

offer in itself. Acknowledged, and in some cases leaving that space between up for debate.

## **Disconnected and Overstretched**

Ultimately, removed from any other prescribed function, there is an undeniable nature of the arms in space. To “wave ones arms madly,” is a loaded expression. We understand the “madness” to be pointlessness, an irrational use of such purposeful appendages. It is the consequence of excessive use of energy and space (and our attention) for no reasonable gain. What are you doing with your arms if they aren’t functional? When we make these parts of our body out to be crucial, their use can be criticized. How often do we need something to do with our hands to feel at ease?

Extending any part of ourselves can feel uncomfortable. We say we are “sticking our neck out” when we draw unnecessary attention to ourselves. One can presume this is a reference to the guillotine. A true matter of life and death! Extending beyond our respectable perimeter is about occupying more space than we assume, or have ben explicitly told, we deserve. It’s taking up space and it’s directing attention our way. It’s reclaiming real estate and asserting our existence, while illustrating our sense of worth.

Kim Turcot DiFruscia, discusses corporeality in *Shapes of Freedom: A Conversation with Elizabeth A. Povinelli* and asks “How is the body and its illnesses being shaped by multiple, often incommensurate discourses? How

are these discourses of inclusion and exclusion always already shaping and differentiating bodies, socialities, and social obligations—mine and those of my indigenous colleagues?” DiFruscia refers to a sore she has developed and highlights the divide between social concept and physical ailment as a matter of discursive discourse. Whether what ails us is deemed material or metaphoric, the impact it has on weakening the self is what matters. DiFruscia lays it out like this “‘Corporeality’ would be the way in which dominant forms of power shape and reshape materiality, how discourses produce categories and divisions between categories—human, nonhuman, person, nonperson, body, sex, and so forth—” Social issues, at the very heart, remove our agency to determine our needs and desires as immaterial.

The feedback we receive when reaching brings attention to our capabilities and what’s at stake as we are keenly aware of the space between ourselves and what we desire. Further, privilege makes for some, a need and others, a desire. This renders some concepts farther out of reach for some as they must extend themselves even farther. The subjectivity of deserving makes access a reward for those holding out, outstretched, the longest. Why then is reaching seen as an invitation or even an aspiration, while the “hand-out” is a pejorative term. Perhaps that’s the power we get to assume when we take pity, it’s all connection without any of the risk.

### **Alienation: making contact**

Think about the lengths that we go to *not* to ask for things so as to not extend ourselves. We tend to want everything to be within arms reach, at our

fingertips. In the analysis in *Fedorov's Geographies of Time*, Trevor Paglen highlights Federov's contestation that "the most pressing thing that humans need to do is restore a sense of 'kinship.'" Going on to say that "the biggest problem is that we live in a state of alienation. Alienation from each other, from nature, and from time itself." What alienates us more than not sharing? What else is lost along with the proximity of exchange and the increased attenuation of human connection?

The discomfort of reaching can also point to a fear of meaningful connection, what's more meaningful than helping another? Brian Wood, in *Is it love?* offers that "solidarities between people within the sphere of capital are capable of compensating for the inequities produced by capital." People talk about the need to be seen, as in being understood or for their individualities to be recognized. I offer, the gratitude we feel for being met in the reach, in the moment of asking, is a mutual affirmation between two people. I believe there's a reason we continue to seek more and more once we've obtained what we desire, because we've lost that moment of connection. With the force of capitalism aside, I think there's a very real reason we are ready to accept a transactional existence; because it makes sense to us in the cause-and-effect type of truth that we're used to seeing as proof and it's simple to justify. A lot of capitalism is the marketing of desire. While it is prudent and pragmatic to be self-reliant, it is also a little lonely. Gift economies create relationships for continued mutual exchange. In these settings payment is meaningful acknowledgement, which can be in the form of another gift until asking becomes a welcome opportunity for reciprocation. Asking is also having the grace to recognize the significance

of generosity as connection, and the understanding that we too have something to offer.

As Federov puts it “the problem with the notion of progress, and history more generally, is that it produces alienation—alienation from one generation to the next, and from the present to the past.” Our desires focus on the time between ourselves and what we want, as a mere inconvenience, a challenge or something to rectify. This dismisses the beauty of the ask in the offer and the extension. To skip the discomfort would be to miss the moment of connection. Progress asks us to go ahead and snatch what we want because that is of sole importance, the acquiring and the ownership, leaving behind any notion of the value of the other, who has something to offer that we cannot produce ourselves. I would argue that it’s endemic of the culture of individualism that causes us to fear asking, and pride ourselves on our own capability.

Reaching out, of any kind, will always require some sort of concession when seeking connection. We create tactics to dull the sensation of vulnerability and to remove the pressure of the act but we cannot completely bypass this feeling and we cannot self sustain indefinitely. This unease lives in our bodies even if we don’t understand it’s origin. As we retract we are caving in on ourselves, hoarding resources vital to one another that we will ultimately regret not sharing. The gift is in the connection made by asking, extending and reaching out. To move through this action is to recognize our limits and to ascertain reciprocal abundance.

In my practice of observation, I embody and unearth the roots of unconscious manifestations to see them in a new light, in a new way.

The most vulnerable action is to reach. out.  
My shoulders carry everything but possess no real control.  
When I reach for something, I am risking life and limb.  
I am extending myself.  
I might not grasp it. I could be rejected.  
I am ultimately extending myself in hopes of connection.  
I am reaching out to you.



## ***At the Making of Man by Bliss Carman***

*First all the host of Raphael  
In liveries of gold,  
Lifted the chorus on whose rhythm  
The spinning spheres are rolled,—  
The Seraphs of the morning calm  
Whose hearts are never cold.*

He shall be born a spirit.  
Part of the soul that yearns,  
The core of vital gladness  
That suffers and discerns.  
The stir that breaks the budding sheath  
When the green spring returns,

The gist of power and patience  
Hid in the plasmic clay.  
The calm behind the senses.  
The passionate essay  
To make his wise and lovely dream  
Immortal on a day.

The soft Aprilian ardours  
That warm the waiting loam  
Shall whisper in his pulses

To bid him overcome,  
And he shall learn the wonder-cry  
Beneath the azure dome.

And though all-dying nature  
Should teach him to deplore,  
The ruddy fires of autumn  
Shall lure him but the more  
To pass from joy to stronger joy,  
As through an open door.

He shall have hope and honour.  
Proud trust and courage stark.  
To hold him to his purpose  
Through the unlighted dark.  
And love that sees the moon's full orb  
In the first silver arc.

And he shall live by kindness  
And the heart's certitude,  
Which moves without misgiving  
In ways not understood,  
Sure only of the vast event,  
The large and simple good.

*Then Gabriel's host in silver gear*

*And vesture twilight blue,  
The spirits of immortal mind,  
The warders of the true,  
Took up the theme that gives the world  
Significance anew.*

He shall be born to reason,  
And have the primal need  
To understand and follow  
Wherever truth may lead,  
To grow in wisdom like a tree  
Unfolding from a seed.

A watcher by the sheepfolds,  
With wonder in his eyes,  
He shall behold the seasons,  
And mark the planets rise,  
Till all the marching firmament  
Shall rouse his vast surmise.

Beyond the sweep of vision.  
Or utmost reach of sound.  
This cunning fire-maker.  
This tiller of the ground.  
Shall learn the secrets of the suns  
And fathom the profound.

For he must prove all being.  
Sane, beauteous, benign,  
And at the heart of nature  
Discover the divine,  
Himself the type and symbol  
Of the eternal trine.

He shall perceive the kindling  
Of knowledge, far and dim,  
As of the fire that brightens  
Below the dark sea-rim,  
When ray by ray the splendid sun  
Floats to the world's wide brim.

And out of primal instinct.  
The lore of lair and den,  
He shall emerge to question  
How, wherefore, whence, and when,  
Till the last frontier of the truth  
Shall lie within his ken.

*Then Michael's scarlet-suited host  
Took up the word and sang;  
As though a trumpet had been loosed  
In heaven, the arches rang;*

*For these were they who feel the thrill  
Of beauty like a pang.*

He shall be framed and balanced  
S For loveliness and power,  
Lithe as the supple creatures,  
And coloured as a flower,  
Sustained by the all-feeding earth,  
Nurtured by wind and shower,

To stand within the vortex  
Where surging forces play,  
A poised and pliant figure  
Immutable as they,  
Till time and space and energy  
Surrender to his sway.

He shall be free to journey  
Over the teeming earth,  
An insatiable seeker,  
A wanderer from his birth,  
Clothed in the fragile veil of sense,  
With fortitude for girth.

His hands shall have dominion  
Of all created things.

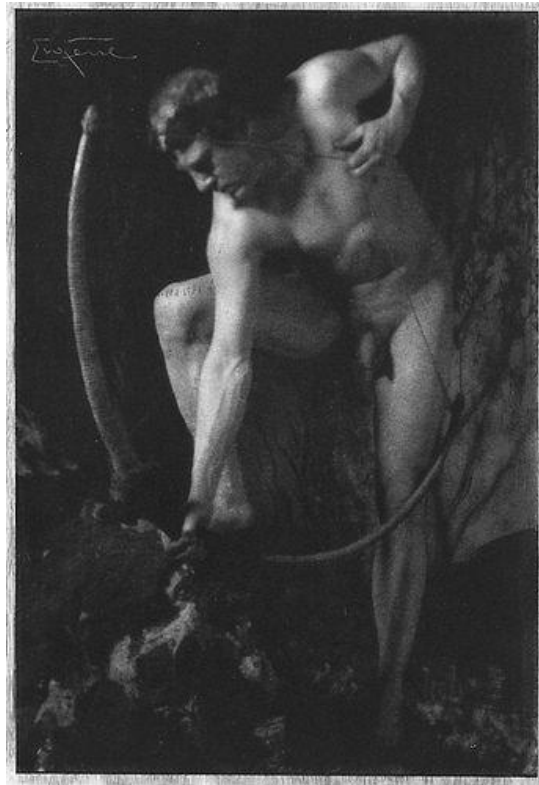
To fashion in the likeness  
Of his imaginings,  
To make his will and thought survive  
Unto a thousand springs.

The world shall be his province.  
The pryncedom of his skill;  
The tides shall wear his harness.  
The winds obey his will;  
Till neither flood, nor fire, nor frost,  
Shall work to do him ill.

A creature fit to carry  
The pure creative fire,  
Whatever truth inform him,  
Whatever good inspire.  
He shall make lovely in all things  
To the end of his desire.

## Prose

## ***The Robin Hood Phenomenon by Emily Mathews***



The notorious Robin Hood, whose story is passed down by word of mouth, the written word, and through drama, is often perceived as a symbol of hope and justice, upon which the common folk can rely on rather than the corrupt and dishonorable authority.

The idea of the "good outlaw" is appealing to everyone and the notion of someone breaking the law (and excelling at it) by opposing misdirected power all in the name of justice and freedom, is a novel one that never goes out of style. References of Robin Hood being a noble and heroic figure appear constantly. Who has not heard the term



"stealing from the rich to feed the poor?" And what little girl or boy has not pretended to be Robin Hood or Maid Marian?

The very significance and importance of the Robin Hood legend is attested by the fact that the legend of heroic fighter has endured for so many centuries. Even though many different periods in history have past, the Robin Hood legend and myth has adapted to suit the culture and needs of the people of the time. It is through historical documents, events, people and geography that we may see the development of the legend and life of Robin Hood and attempt to discover what it is exactly that makes Robin one of the most famous and prolific men of all time.

Which leads us to the inevitable question: "Did Robin Hood really exist?" It is a predominant one throughout the historical field of Robin Hood and it raises much debate among scholars. One cannot simply say, "That one there is the real Robin Hood", because there are so many different Robins to point to. As Professor Holt said, "There is a *quiver-full* of possible Robin Hoods. Even the likeliest is little better than a shot in the gloaming." There are numerous accounts of Robin that are found all over Great Britain, in numerous texts and ballads, and of course, all spanning various centuries. "Whether modern or medieval, the references all have the same focus: Robin Hood represents principled resistance to wrongful authority — of very different kinds and in many periods and contexts."

The earliest certain reference of Robin first appears in the B-version of the passage of *Piers Plowman* c.13781, where Robin is alluded to by a drunken priest and [the priest's] preferences in entertainment. The casual mentioning of Robin in this passage suggests that Robin was already a well-known name in society and (from the date of the ballad) that he had been around in the latter half of the 14<sup>th</sup> century and possibly earlier. From the mid-fifteenth century onwards, the Robin Hood legend moved from spoken word to appear in written documents such as *The Little Gest of Robin Hood* [c.1500].

The *Gest* is a long compilation of many interlinked narrative threads, containing 456 four-line stanzas, divided into eight cantos or 'fyttes'. The *Gest* is widely thought to be an assemblage of several early tales, which consists of these four different themes or narratives: "Robin Hood and the Knight", "Little John and the Sheriff", "Robin Hood and the Sheriff", and "Robin Hood and the King". According to the date of the composition, the *Gest* is the earliest ballad of Robin Hood. However, *Robin Hood and the Monk* can be considered the earliest in its original existing form, as it is now preserved in Cambridge University manuscript Ff.5.48.[c.1550]

Where the earlier ballads can be, as Professor Holt says, narrowed down to approximately five ballads, it is the popular ballads of the seventeenth century that we begin to see a boom in Robin's popularity and where many different copies of the tales can be found. Texts such as Martin Parker's *A True Tale of Robin Hood* [c. 1632], reworks the

traditional tale to suit a newer urban audience, with their present day concerns, and Percy's Folio Manuscript provides us a link between earlier and later texts with new stories like *Robin Hood and the Curial Friar* and *The Death of Robin Hood*. The Forrester's Manuscript (Forrester's MS) [c. 1670], which has just recently been discovered in 1993, contains 20 different Robin Hood ballads with two versions of *Robin Hood and the Pinder of Wakefield*.

Some of the ballads are ones that historians already know; however, the Forrester's MS provides a much more detailed version of the two ballads *Robin Hood Fishing* and *Robin Hood and Queen Catherin*. In addition to these new stories, all the original sixteen ballads, which had appeared in small pamphlets called the Robin Hood garlands of 1663 and 1670, are found inside the Forrester's MS, with the remaining garland being from different garlands at different points in time, or from different texts or broadsides] . The Forrester's MS provides a different variation of the Robin Hood tales that span from the early sixteenth century to well into the eighteenth century.

In addition to these ballads and manuscripts are the May Games, in which Robin Hood's status as a heroic savior of the poor is popularized even more. It is also where such prolific characters such as Friar Tuck and Maid Marian, (who we had not seen before) are introduced, and also where the classic story and setting of Robin Hood, as vassal to King Richard the Lionhearted, really develops and grows. Just as both the

ballads and the Games had developed over time and throughout various counties, so too did the societies at the time change.

In the earlier tradition Robin was often the rebellious yeoman who defied authority; there was little mentioning of 'robbing the rich to feed the poor'. That theme, along with many others such as Robin's chivalrous manner, developed later on when Robin Hood presided over the May Games and had a chance to flourish and spread socially as well as geographically.

Within the next two centuries the stories were repeated over and over again in cheaper and cheaper formats...they broadened and further diversified both the means of communication and the audience. This in turn affected the content of the legend. Minor elements in the old stories were now developed into major themes. New tales were concocted. Socially, Robin became all things to all men.”

This consequently makes Robin Hood's life difficult to place into one year or reign in particular: it is because his life is so ambiguous. Maurice Keen suggests that the Robin Hood core is the general one of an age and system, and not of any one particular crisis. The poor had faith that the aristocrats would run the government appropriately and they trusted them not to misuse this power. However, like with most power, authority will be misused, and back then the common-man's only tool to fight back was by ways of violence. Rebellions such as the Peasants' Revolt, Jack Cade's rising in 1450, the Cornish rising of 1497 and

Ket's Rebellion in 1549 all ended in tragedy. "He [the common-folk] [were I incapable of planning against victory, this was a weapon whose other edge was sure in the end to be turned against him."

It was the small unimportant rebel who, protected by his own ambiguity and the ineptitude of the law, was able to accomplish what large revolts could not. Thus it becomes entirely plausible that it is through these historical situations that the origins of Outlaw Legends are born. The fact that the commoners could not win a large revolt against the government meant that they had to look elsewhere to win: hence the creation of the defiant Robin Hood and his Merry Men, who could act as their leader.

Many recent day historians and literary critics such as Stephen Knight, focus on the *myth* of Robin Hood and the social contexts that surround the myth; while, historians such as James C. Holt, attempt to place a man behind the *legend*. There is an important difference between these two: to say that Robin Hood is a legend is to imply that Robin Hood must have originated from somewhere - 'Where there's smoke there's fire'.

Whether there was a historical Robin Hood is based largely on speculation. In Holt's book *Robin Hood*, he tries to establish the possibility that Robin could have existed as a real, full-blooded man. He mentions in his book various different speculations on the various Robin Hoods, and discusses two in particular: Robert Hood, who is recorded to have been a tenant of the manor of Wakefield and

supposedly in a former rebellion; and *Robyn Hode*, a porter of the Chamber of Edward II. Both Robins have no connections to each other besides their names and so Holt dismisses these Robins in addition to a Robert fitz Ooth, who was discovered to be entirely fictitious, and Robins of Huntington and Locksley who did not fit the profile of the outlaw.

Instead, Holt focuses more on the name Robin Hood (and its various other spellings). Holt affirms that there were many Robins or Hood registered in the Wakefield court rolls from 1308-1342, thus establishing that the Floods were long time tenants of Wakefield Manor (and the lands surrounding it), and also allowing the speculation that an earlier Hood could be *the* Robin Hood.

In another town of Barnsdale there is another coincidence of names in addition to the fact that by 1306 the town was already known as a place of danger to travelers. It is plausible that a Robin Hood from Wakefield could have wandered from Wakefield to Barnsdale; however, dates don't allow for Robin to have founded Barnsdale's reputation during Edward II's reign. What Holt does find significant is the combination of the first and last name `Robinhood', establishing "that the legend was already known in Sussex by 1296... [it was] difficult to dissociate the surname `Robinhood' from the tradition of the outlaw."

And last but not least, there is a mention of a Robert Hod a fugitive and outlaw and possibility the only real or original outlawed Robin

Hood (so far). Unfortunately, any plea roll which might have contained details of the charges against him have not survived and there is no association between the fugitive Robin and the Hoods of Wakefield manor as the geographical distance is too far. There are of course other less likely, but possible Robin Hoods out there, but all assume that somewhere behind the legend there was a real Robin Hood.

The who, what, when, where, and why of the Robin Hood legend is not easily answered. It is difficult to map out the course of Robin's life as he really bounces from century to century. It is very much like taking a map, putting red 'X's' on all the continents and then trying to connect them without hitting an ocean: impossible.

But mapping out his life is not the purpose of Robin Hood. It is the stories that are important and why it is that these specific themes are the ones that reach out to people. It is because Robin embodies and symbolizes the hope and faith in people that counter balances the evil greed of corrupt authority.

Robin is an image and theme that demonstrates that there is decency in the world and that one must always have faith. Through Robin's development from a social bandit to charitable freedom fighter, we see the needs and hopes of the people reflected through this hero.

## ***Adrian by Sarah Gackle***

Every Monday through Friday, Adrian sat at a computer in Seattle and made his daily quota of phone calls for Highland Marketing. All day, the friendly, chipper voices of his coworkers maintained a rolling boil in the company's strip mall office space. Adrian dreaded every call. As soon as he introduced himself, he felt the annoyance come from the other end of the phone like a slap in the face. The calls kept grinding away at his self-respect, while he read scripted questions and clicked the radio button next to the appropriate answer on his screen.

One evening, after a failed five-minute effort to unwind watching television, he began to reflect on his current state and his general sense of being displaced. He looked around his apartment, at the bare, white walls, the television and Ikea chairs. There was nothing that was personal or felt meaningful to him. "I'm going to move," he said out loud.

Adrian felt a grin creep involuntarily over his jaw and then spread up the side of his face, into his cheeks, all the way to his scalp. He grew suddenly warm and shivered with invigoration. The simple but authoritative decision thrilled him; he felt more powerful and right than he could remember. He looked at the blank television screen and was compelled to immediately turn it toward the wall. Then he decided never to look at a screen of any sort again. This was even more invigorating. He glanced at the clock above the sofa. It was still early enough for him to make it to the bank before it closed, so he drove as quickly as he could to his local branch. He emptied his bank



accounts to have cash on hand and went back to his apartment to get a change of clothes, a backpack, and a pair of comfortable shoes. Two days later, someone finally called from the office to check on him and heard the following message: “Hi, this is Adrian. You won’t be hearing from me again, so just hang up. Bye.”

He was already as far west as he could get on foot, so he started walking east. His figure on the road was unimposing; he was tallish but lean, with brown straight hair that was growing disorderly around his ears. He found traveling difficult at the beginning, in the denser populated areas. When he finally reached a small highway in western Washington, he stopped, breathed as deeply as he could, and thought that might have been the first deep breath of his life.

A month later, Adrian was in the middle of the Northern Plains. He had enjoyed crossing the mountains, but he found the flatlands were mind-bending. In the expansiveness, he felt like he was walking on the world rather than in or through it. Every dozen miles or so, he stopped and turned slowly in disbelief at the solid band of horizon sitting on the earth like the lid of a mason jar. He strained his eyes across the plains to find a definite end. He was unsure whether his vision gave out or the Earth curved out of sight. It gave him a quick, uneasy feeling; he thought of the thousands of times he had watched the inside of a cup as he drank, and now he felt an unexpected sympathy to that tumbling over the lip of a mug, tilting forward with pastures, crops, fences and sloughs, about to spill out into God’s hand to be crushed and made over.

Today the sun was hot on his dark hair, but the air was cool and the breeze didn't let up. For miles he had been walking a long ribbon of two-lane highway. The grasshoppers sensed his approach and jumped beside him as elegantly as any dolphins swimming beside a ship at sea. He saw a green sign pointing south toward one of the hundreds of small towns scattered across the plains. The sign read: "Adrian !" He planted one foot and pivoted on the Earth.

The road leading to Adrian ran through a low, shallow valley that spread between two ridges. The ridges rose slightly on both sides, like the reclining spines of two ancient animals, long dead. The curve of their sides drained rainfall into the low land, creating a river that wandered at will in a meandering string alongside the road. The water ate up the landscape, making it useless for cropland.

Adrian soon saw what the geographical irregularity had done to the town—it was completely abandoned. Most of the homes and both churches were falling apart. The well-kept eyesore of one large grain elevator meant that at least a few people still came through from time to time, likely farmers on homesteads a few miles in either direction. But it was too early for harvest, so it would be easy to avoid them, which was what Adrian was hoping for.

A block east of the Lutheran church there was a small school on the corner. It had obviously functioned as a one-room schoolhouse, but it seemed that was only due to low population, because the building wasn't terribly old and

in better condition than its neighbors. Its layout was similar to many small churches in the area. There was an entry room with cubbies along the floor and wall-mounted coat racks, and a small bathroom in the right-hand corner. In the center of the entry was the classroom door, opening to the back of the room. Adrian imagined the desks lined up perfectly and the teacher at center stage in front of the large chalkboard that was still there. There were two doors on either side of the chalkboard: the left led directly outside and the right opened to a short hallway and then to a small separate room—perhaps it had been an office for the teacher. Adrian decided to sleep in this small room, in this small school, in his small town.

In the morning, he began looking through the remnants in the building. Most of the furniture must have been sold; the classroom only had two broken desks in a corner, four folding chairs and a footstool. In the office, he found a few boxes next to a small bookshelf. Inside were six spiral notebooks, some pencils, paperclips, chalk and other miscellaneous items. He went through everything meticulously to determine its worth on the road, and then left to bathe in the river outside town.

That afternoon he began looking through the spiral notebooks. Each had a name printed on the outside cover. Inside, Adrian saw portions of assignments—pages of penmanship, multiplication, long division.

Suddenly, his mind was bending again. He felt as if he was sitting at Highland Marketing looking at an infinite column of telephone numbers on his computer screen.

“No no no no no no...no no no no no no.”

He dropped the spiral on the floor in front of him and slid it across the room. He hadn't spoken to anyone in months and now rushing into his head were scripted questions about product use and frequency. He began yelling, furious at the invasion going on inside him. He picked up the box with the few spirals inside and threw it across the room, then pushed over the bookshelf and stomped on the backside of it.

“God damn you! God damn that shit! I walked fucking thousands of miles away from it and it's right there! The fucking script! What else is all this: four times six is twenty-four—a fucking script. They teach it to you from day one in these rooms.” He looked around quickly and found the crumbles of chalk that had fallen out of the box when he threw it.

“Here's a new script...” he said as he grabbed a piece and walked down the hall, into the classroom. He faced his imagined audience of students. “Here's what you need to know.”

He turned to the board, wrote “LEAVE” and turned back around. “The world wants to get in your head and run your life. It has a script for everything, so you can't think for yourself or be your own person. And it won't ever let you alone, it won't give you a second to just be at peace. Even if you try to think outside the script and make sense of the world, it would blow itself to shit just to spite you. That's sick. The only place at peace is

away from it, and you've got to start moving now, and I don't know where to, because I thought I went far enough but got outrun five minutes ago. Just get moving."

Weeks later, a farmer driving through town slowed down as he passed the old school. A few remnants were still standing beside the mess of boards, heap of insulation and tangle of pulled wires. Along the fence, behind the ruins, he saw a jumble of old tools and the blackboard propped up almost like a huge headstone. There had been two gentle rains in the past week, so the farmer could not read the word "LEAVE" or what Adrian had written just before he walked away: "Adrian is gone."

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## ***Anguish by Vanessa Garcia***

She outstretched her hand and admired the delicate veins protruding loudly through a crispy golden summer tan. At the tips of each defined finger, a pianist's hands, sat long round strong nails. Tough — like the nails you hammer into wooden planks. Natural French tips. Calcium strong.

But enough of that. She stuck her hand in a black bag and pulled out that old familiar forty ounce. It would erase the memory of that raped war victim on this morning's NPR. Sometimes temporarily. Sometimes permanently. NPR as an alarm. When the alarm went off this morning she turned to her friend and chuckled, "Another bad fucking day to be human. And a beautiful day to die. Thanks for the report, NPR!" She should be working. She's charging them for this freelance gig. She should be working. She should be reading. She should be plotting and scheming and visualizing and dreaming and devising an angle for that ... future of hers.

"Another ungrateful useless American sitting on the edge of a cliff," she felt. Not thought, necessarily. She should be jogging or doing yoga. She should be applying to grants and shaking hands while wearing a grin and sharp stilettos. She should be signing up for the Peace Corps. She should be voting. She should be doing all the things that all bright young women, sick of swimming, ready to stand — are doing. The Little Mermaid in this very moment is doing more than she possibly could. Fuck the Little Mermaid. She should be reading up on the turn of events in this upcoming presidential election/The War of the Moment/the forgotten wars happening right

now/Immanuel Kant/Gandhi/Deepak Chopra/Middlesex/Traci ... She shouldn't be reading Traci Lord's autobiography, but she wishes she'd bought it at the Virgin Megastore that one chance she had in New York.

She should be working.

She should be playing the piano with her feet to a roar of applause at the Oscars — right now. She should buy stock. She should be loved by Catherine Deneuve and Isabella Rossellini and that one producer with the long legs and more interesting women — those writers, politicians, photographers, poets, and activists never publicized, that she never hears about, but she is sure exist.

Self-Consumed, All-Consuming, Black Hole of Appreciation. She takes a deep breath. The sun dips into the horizon, seeps into pores, and heats up her cheeks. Two round mounds stained dark red.

Another beautiful day on a Malibu cliff poised above darkening blue green waters. She presses the head of the bottle to her open lips and tips the fermented liquid into her mouth. Feeling that she should be working. On her future. Right now.

{First published in *This Great Society* Magazine May. 2011}

## ***As Me As I Could Get by Trevor Leyenhorst***

Why did she come?

It's funny I should start with a question, as that's all I seem to do: ask questions.

She didn't really know me...at all, actually. Though I guess knowing someone is a rather indistinguishable thing; the point at which you say you know them, I mean. I say that because, really, getting to know oneself is a challenge—a mystery, almost. When can I say I know me? I shake my head, and blow air from my lips.

She was wearing...not too much, I suppose. I remember her eyes, mostly, and the way her lashes shot up towards the sky, as though to flee from her soul. But I didn't want to flee as I let her enter. And she came in like the night, but during the day.

It was probably mostly dark, what she was wearing, as nothing caught my eye, besides her eyes—and lashes. I do know there were beads amid the flurry of her. Large ones, round ones, square blue and brown ones. The kind with holes and the kind with hooks, white and bone and silver letters. They didn't seem to make much noise, the beads. Perhaps because of her silent feet. You know how a warrior dashing silently through the woods can be so screamingly loud, so absurdly deafening? One hardly notices the pride on which he runs.



So it was I who opened the door, her feet that crossed the threshold. And the edge of my vision was sharp, unlike a dream. And her toes had on some pink paint.

I said, “You’re here.” But I needed to keep talking, so I said, “You’re here, now.” She understood that with my expectancy came fright, but I understood nothing as I grasped for her arm. I was way too far away from her, so I brought her in and her face disclosed nothing. Apart from her lashes, of course. I wanted to back away but I was holding on too tight, like an anxious child, and I heard my devil say *kiss her*. And I blame it on him because he’s a different part of me, and an angel doesn’t kiss strangers, anyway. So I kissed her.

I closed the blinds because I didn’t want them to see me. But I forgot to twist the thingy, so it was only partially truthful. Me blind, me blind, me blind. So the sun was forced to draw patterns on the walls. I didn’t see them, the patterns I mean; that’s not where I was looking. I was seeing and not seeing, with the sharp edge of my vision—which is not to say the center, the point of my focus, was out of focus. On the contrary it was quite real—it was real—but something of it made it hard to remember. Like the tip of a tongue.

{First published in *This Great Society Magazine* July. 2010}

## ***Barcelona Starbucks by D. A. Weiss***

I'm at Starbucks in Barcelona, and everyone is miserable.

This particular Starbucks is on La Rambla, a wide, tree-lined boulevard that makes every “must see” list for the city. Barcelona’s answer to Times Square, La Rambla is where tourists go to see other tourists, where the commercial space is dominated by hundreds of souvenir shops selling the same things for the same prices, and where, according to travel-geek Rick Steves, “You are more likely to have your pocket picked than anywhere else in Europe.” Still, the tourists keep coming. They are delighted by the street performers. They search through piles of T-shirts and soccer jerseys at the souvenir shops to prove to the people back home that they’ve been there. They buy Italian gelato. And they enjoy it.

Then they come to the only Starbucks on the entire 20 block stretch of La Rambla, and become instantly exhausted and irritable. I guess their mood affects the staff too, because I’ve never seen Starbucks baristas so unhappy at work. The young woman behind the counter struggles to speak English with a tourist who spits out an order that I, a native English speaker, have trouble keeping up with: no whip, half caf, non-fat something something cinnamon something. It is her drink, and she orders it just like at home. Turning from the counter to search for a seat, I see people sunk gloomily in their chairs, staring out the window with hollow, tired eyes.

The only people in the entire shop who are anything but morose are a couple of Spanish-speaking teenage girls engrossed in lively conversation. They are impossibly beautiful and immaculately well-dressed. No one else seems to notice them.

Near the counter, a barista prices Starbucks-branded merchandise stacked haphazardly on a shelf. Even she has a stern look, her pricing gun grunting frustration with each “chu-CHUNK.” The travel mugs are labelled “Barcelona” in friendly script beneath the Starbucks logo, declaring a tepid, corporate squeak of placement in space.

Little else tells me where I am – where I have travelled thousands of kilometres to be – unless I look outside, so I take one of the few free seats near the window. The chairs are precisely the same make as the Starbucks chairs in Canada. I hear the chatter of English conversation around me. On the other side of the glass, thousands of tourists surge by.

A blonde woman walks by outside, and I know that she is North American because she is wearing running shoes, despite the fact that she is not running. Her eyes are wide with wonder at the mass of humanity on La Rambla, and she happens to glance toward us, causing her to pause, mid-stride. In a moment of vague recognition she moves up to the glass of the window, still not sure what she is looking at. Her hands cup around her eyes to peer within. Her face brightens. She is suddenly close to home. For a long second, she is lost in the realization.

Then her hands drop from the glass quickly and she clutches at her shoulder bag, stepping away from the glass, frantically looking for something within. Her look changes from panic to relief. No one has stolen her wallet. It is safe. She enters.

Even as she crosses the threshold, she looks toward the counter, but knows what she'll see, so her eyes cross the crowd and she takes a shallow breath, then releases a sigh. She fidgets as she looks for a seat.

I stand and exit to the Barcelona sun, leaving her mine.

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## Science

## ***Two Elements For One - Scientific American (October, 1939)***

### **The Most Important Scientific Discovery of the Present Year is also the Biggest Explosion in Atomic History ... Splitting the Uranium Atom**

The Fifth Washington Conference on Theoretical Physics was sitting in solemn conclave when the news broke. Professor Nils Bohr of Princeton and Professor Enrico Fermi of Columbia rose to open the meeting with an account of some research going on in a Berlin laboratory. Professors Bohr and Fermi are Nobel Prize winners both, and their names are as well known to scientists as Toscaninni's is to music lovers. The Conference therefore expected something extra special. They weren't disappointed.

It was January 26, 1939. A few weeks before, at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute in Berlin, Dr. Otto Hahn, a distinguished German physicist, had obtained an utterly unexpected result from some more or less routine experiments. Following the original example of Professor Fermi, Dr. Hahn and his co-worker, F. Strassmann, had for many months been bombarding uranium with neutrons and studying the debris left by this atomic warfare.

It would not have surprised them at all to find radium as one of the products. In fact, they had done so before, or thought they had. Radium and uranium are near neighbors in the table of elements, and it is nothing new for

scientists to transform one element into another close to it in weight and electric charge.

But it was news, and big news, to discover barium among the debris — barium, which is only a little more than half as heavy as uranium. It meant that the neutron bullets had succeeded not merely in knocking a few chips off the old block, but in blowing the whole atom asunder with a terrific explosion.

The theoretical and practical import of Hahn's discovery may not be immediately obvious to the laymen. The article will attempt to interpret its significance in later paragraphs. But on the scientists, the news had the same effect as the tidings of gold in California had on the Forty-niners. They flew to their laboratories to find the treasure for themselves.

A few insiders had already jumped the gun ahead of the Conference and of the rest who learned of the discovery through the newspapers. In Copenhagen, Dr. O. R. Frisch and Professor Lise Meitner, who had previously worked with Hahn on the same problem, had verified his results ten days earlier. A group of Columbia University physicists, including Fermi, independently thought up and carried out a similar experiment by January 25, the day before the Conference. By the time the meeting wound up its affairs January 28, three more laboratories — at the Carnegie Institution of Washington, Johns Hopkins, and the University of California — joined the chorus of confirmation. In a word, Hahn was right. Uranium,

and thorium, too (thorium is also among the heaviest elements), had been split in two by neutron bombardment.

The phenomenon was quickly dubbed “nuclear fission,” and in the months ensuing since its discovery, nuclear fission has grabbed the spotlight from the “heavy electron” sensation of 1937-8. Dozens of the world’s top-flight physicists have been busy as bees, roaming the clover of a new field of research.

The first task of the investigators was to get a picture of what had happened. Dr. Frisch and Miss Meitner promptly supplied a pretty good one.

The nucleus of an element, they pointed out, is now thought of as an aggregation of protons and neutrons packed together into an inconceivably small space. The number of protons, or units of positive electric charge, accounts for the chemical behavior of the element. Neutrons are units of weight and have no charge. Together the neutrons and protons make up the mass of the nucleus. The simplest nucleus is the single proton belonging to the lightest element, hydrogen. Going up the atomic scale, adding one proton and a varying number of neutrons for each successive element, we arrive at last at uranium. This heaviest of elements is invariably characterized by its 92 protons; in its commonest form it contains 146 neutrons as well, giving it a total weight of 238. Two other forms, weighing 235 and 234, also occur in small quantities. These are called the three natural isotopes of uranium, and are distinguished by the shorthand symbols  $^{238}\text{U}_{92}$ ,  $^{235}\text{U}_{92}$ , and  $^{234}\text{U}_{92}$ .



Now all the known elements heavier than mercury — that is, thallium, lead, bismuth, polonium, radon, radium, actinium, thorium, protactinium, and uranium — have isotopes that are naturally radioactive. Their nuclei are so complicated that occasionally one will spontaneously simplify itself by shooting off a particle.

We can picture the process nicely if we imagine for a moment that the radioactive nucleus is like a drop of water, composed of many molecules. One of the molecules near the surface somehow acquires a little more energy than its fellows and evaporates.

The stage is now set to return to Dr. Frisch and Miss Meitner, whom we left some paragraphs ago. Their conception of the nuclear fission process continues the analogy of the drop of water. Suppose the  $H_2O$  molecules are violently agitated by a source of energy outside the drop. Instead of evaporating gradually, the drop splits in two. Similarly, a uranium nucleus, stimulated by the impact of a neutron bullet, may divide into two smaller nuclei of roughly equal size.

These fragments are in themselves unstable, and quickly disintegrate to form still other nuclei. In fact, a whole series of transmutations generally follows the fission of uranium or thorium. Since Hahn first found barium among the products, he and other investigators have identified antimony, tellurium, iodine, xenon, cesium, and lanthanum in one group; bromine, krypton, rubidium, strontium, and yttrium in another, with many possible additions.

The explanation is simple enough. The original fragments contain too many neutrons in relation to their proton content, and must get rid of them to achieve a stable form. One of two things happens. The nucleus may simply expel a whole neutron, reducing its weight by a unit. Or one of the neutrons may be converted into a proton plus a negative electron inside the nucleus, which promptly ejects the electron. In the latter case, the nucleus remains approximately the same weight but acquires an additional positive charge, thus becoming a chemically different element. Experiments have proved that both these types of disintegration actually do take place.

No one knows yet whether the same two original products are always formed when uranium divides, or what they are. But if one of the fragments is barium, with 56 protons, the other must have 92 minus 56, or 36, protons, which would make it an isotope of the gas krypton.

If the barium tries to stabilize itself by emitting an electron, it becomes a lanthanum isotope, which may in turn convert itself into cerium by electron emission. The krypton also disintegrates in the same way, successively becoming rubidium, strontium, and perhaps yttrium and zirconium. We can show these chain reactions by a formula where the sub-scripts represent the number of protons of the products:

Ba<sub>56</sub> -> La<sub>57</sub> -> Ce<sub>58</sub> -> Kr<sub>36</sub> -> Rb<sub>37</sub>-> Sr<sub>38</sub> -> Y<sub>39</sub> -> Zr<sub>40</sub>

Again, if the two original fragments are strontium and xenon instead of barium and krypton, we may have the following chain reactions:

Sr38-> Y39-> Zr40

Xe54 -> Cs55 -> Ba56 -> La57 -> Ce58

In a discovery like this in the realm of pure science, it is always easier to see the theoretical importance than to find a practical application. The fission of uranium has provided a field day for the physicists who like to take atoms apart and find out what makes them tick. It adds a new chapter to their knowledge of the nucleus — the forces that hold it together, the collective behavior of its constituent parts, its reaction “under fire,” its destiny.

In addition, it clears up a mystery of long standing, dealing with elements heavier than uranium. When, in 1934, Fermi began his experiments with uranium, he soon found that negative electrons were always emitted under neutron bombardment. We know now that they are usually the products of the chain reactions just described; but at that time nuclear fission was not even dreamed of. Fermi naturally concluded that the uranium nucleus captured the neutron, converted it into a proton and expelled an electron.

Here, then, was a supposedly new element with 93 protons, unknown to nature. Moreover, this new element seemed to emit another electron to form another new nucleus of 94 protons. These were called “transuranic” elements, and up until lately they were a headache to the numerous investigators who worked on them. The latter kept finding more and more transuranic; and when they studied their chemical properties they found inexplicable variations. Last November, just a few weeks before Dr. Hahn

stumbled on the real secret, he announced that he had found at least 16 different kinds of nuclei resulting from neutron bombardment of uranium. Some of them, indeed, behaved chemically like barium, lanthanum, and other light elements, but they were thought to be isotopes or isomers of heavier elements such as radium. (Isomers are nuclei having the same total weight but different chemical properties. Isotopes have the same proton content but varying total weights.)

When the announcement of nuclear fission came, it was immediately realized that the electrons were not in general emitted by the uranium nucleus itself but by its lighter fragments. The mystery of “transuranic elements” was practically solved. It does seem, however, that a neutron bullet occasionally fails to give its target quite enough energy to divide; the uranium isotope disintegrates by electron emission and really does form a new element with 93 protons. But one such problem child is far better than 16.

So much for the theoretical significance of nuclear fission, far-reaching though it is. It is pretty hard to amass as much weight on the practical side of the balance. But our imaginations are immediately seized by the terrific amount of energy liberated when a single uranium nucleus explodes. The two fragments fly apart activated by some 200,000,000 electron volts — a total far greater than that associated with any other atomic phenomenon except cosmic rays.

The tabloids love to write of blowing up the world with a gram of matter, and it's not such a sensational idea as one might think. Even a tiny mass has an enormous potential of energy if it could but be freed. It is just such a conversion of mass into energy that speeds the fission fragments on their way.

The weight of any nucleus is never quite equal to the sum of its individual protons and neutrons. A small proportion of their mass, called the "packing fraction" or "mass defect," is somehow transformed into the force that holds the nucleus together. Otherwise the positively charged protons would all repel each other and scatter in every direction.

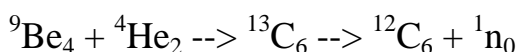
The packing fraction for uranium is, because of its large number of particles, greater than that for the simpler elements into which it divides. This difference in energy is released with the two fission fragments.

OF course, 200,000,000 volts is an astounding energy compared with the size of the bodies which possess it. But for practical purposes it is absurdly small, amounting only to about three ten thousandths of an erg. In more everyday terms, it would take 25,000 billion fissions per second to produce one horsepower — figures which dwarf even the national budget. The very best a laboratory can do so far is produce a few hundreds per second.

If atom smashing could be made more efficient, power production by means of nuclear fission would not be beyond the realms of possibility. But under present conditions, the process is as inefficient as removing the sand from a

beach a grain at a time. Or, more graphically, it is like shooting with buckshot at a network of beads strung yards apart. The size of the target is comparable with the size of the projectile, the empty space between targets is enormous compared with the diameter of either, the stream of bullets cannot be well controlled or aimed, and therefore it is much more probable that the neutron projectile will fly past a uranium nucleus than to score a direct hit and be captured. In fact the chances are thousands to one against fission taking place.

Neutrons have proved themselves more efficient atom-busters, however, than other projectiles like protons or alpha particles, which are positively charged and hence repelled by the positive nuclei. To get a stream of neutrons, a preliminary bombardment must take place. One common method employs the radioactive gas radon, which spontaneously emits alpha particles (helium nuclei with double charge and mass four). The alpha particles are allowed to fall on a sheet of beryllium, where they join with the beryllium nuclei to form carbon plus neutrons. The reaction is shown by the formula:



where the superscripts are the atomic weights and the subscripts the charge.

The stream of positive particles from the cyclotron may also be used to bombard beryllium and thus produce neutrons. The high energy and great

number of cyclotron particles make them more efficient neutron makers than the natural radio-alpha particles.

Once created, the neutron beam is directed against a uranium target. The products are studied in various ways. If the investigators want to find the energy of the fragments, the target is placed in an ionization chamber, filled with a gas at low pressure. The fragments rip through the gas atoms, disrupting their outer electron structure to form ions. The gas ions are drawn to a wire where they constitute a tiny electric current, and the magnitude of this current gives a clue to the energy of the fission products.

If the experimenters want the range of the particles — that is, the distance they travel before their kinetic energy is all used up — they may choose a Wilson cloud chamber which automatically photographs the track of ions the nucleus leaves behind it.

If they want to know the number of fissions occurring in a given time, they have an electric counter at their command, based on the same principle as the ionization chamber. A modification of the same instrument is used to look for electrons or neutrons emitted in the fission process or in the chain reactions that follow.

The problem of identifying the products is a somewhat different one, and is complicated by the large number of elements which may be formed. Here the debris is collected on a sheet of Cellophane or paper placed close to the uranium target. Each variety of isotope on the sheet has a definite rate of

disintegration — it may be anywhere from a fraction of a second to several days — and this time is characteristic of the element to which the isotope belongs.

To measure this period of decay, the collecting paper is placed near an electric counter. If the activity of one product decays to half its original value in 87 minutes, for example, that product is immediately known as an isotope of barium,  $^{139}\text{Ba}_{56}$ , which is known from other experiments to have a characteristic “half life” of 87 minutes. The difficulty of this method of identification is, of course, in separating the half-live when two or more elements are decaying together; and also in classifying a half-life belonging to an isotope previously unknown.

Another method of studying the products is to perform the experiment under water, then analyze the water chemically. Suppose we suspect that a few nuclei of radioactive lanthanum are present. This is too small a quantity to separate directly. But if a larger amount of a stable lanthanum compound is added to the water, both stable and un-stable lanthanum atoms can be precipitated out. If this precipitate is then shown to be radioactive, we have proved our suspicion was correct. Similarly the water can be tested for radioactive barium by adding a stable barium compound and so on.

Still a third attack on the problem of identification has been made by Philip Abelson at the University of California. He had been studying the natural X rays from the supposed “transuranic elements”; and put on the right track by the discovery of nuclear fission, he quickly showed that these X rays had wavelengths characteristic of iodine and tellurium.



Research along all these lines is proceeding at breakneck speed. Experiments similar to those with uranium have been performed on thorium ( $^{232}\text{Th}_{90}$ ) with similar results, except that only fast neutrons are effective in splitting the thorium nucleus, while both fast and slow work well on uranium. Other heavy elements, such as gold and tungsten, show some slight tendency to undergo fission.

Fermi and others have been trying to determine which of the three uranium isotopes are involved, and how the process is related to the speed of the neutron projectiles. Duke University scientists are investigating gamma radiations connected with fission, and the University of California is piling up data in all branches of the research. Bohr at Princeton, Solomon in Paris, and many another are concerning themselves chiefly with theory.

Irene Curie and P. Savitch, who were responsible for much of the ground work enabling Hahn to identify the products of his fission experiments, have been carrying on the classification work in Paris. Joliot, as well as groups of physicists at Columbia, the Carnegie Institution, and Cambridge University, have concentrated on the study of secondary neutrons emitted at the moment of fission and in later reactions.

The latter problem brings up an interesting and rather disturbing aspect of the case. These secondary neutrons constitute a fresh supply of “bullets” to produce new fissions. Thus we are faced with a vicious circle, with one explosion setting off another, and energy being continuously and

cumulatively released. It is probable that a sufficiently large mass of uranium would be explosive if its atoms once got well started dividing. As a matter of fact, the scientists are pretty nervous over the dangerous forces they are unleashing, and are hurriedly devising means to control them.

It may or may not be significant that, since early spring, no accounts of research on nuclear fission have been heard from Germany — not even from discoverer Hahn. It is not unlikely that the German government, spotting a potentially powerful weapon of war, has imposed military secrecy on all recent German investigations. A large concentration of isotope 235, subjected to neutron bombardment, might conceivably blow up all London or Paris.

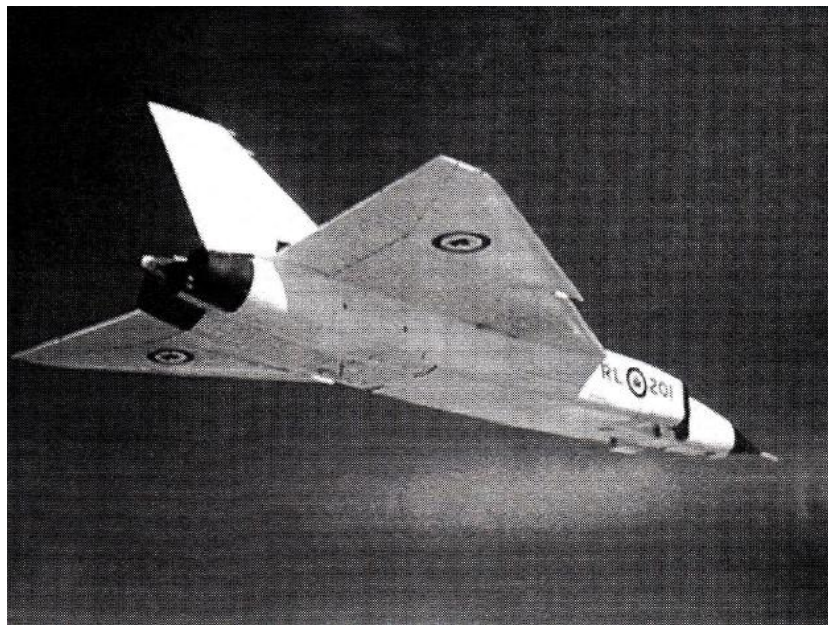
It has been impossible, even in this long article, to mention all the thousand aspects of this fascinating phenomenon, or name many of the able contributors to the sum of information amassed since last January. But the fact remains that nuclear fission is the most important scientific discovery of the year, and holds who knows what promise for the future.

## History

## ***The U-2 and the AVRO Arrow by Patrick Bruskiewich***

*{Disclaimer from the Editor: Patrick Bruskiewich's statements of fact and analysis do not necessarily reflect the official views of any government, past or present, including those of Russia and the former Soviet Union, as well as the government of the Canada, or the United State or the United Kingdom.}*

At 9:51 am, March 25th, 1958, some fifty years ago, the elegant CF-105 A.V. Roe Arrow took to the sky for its maiden flight (see Fig 1: the CF-105 Arrow). Just five years after its beginnings as a research project in 1953 the Arrow took to the skies. The Arrow was the pride of Canada's aerospace industry. In half a century, no other Canadian undertaking, save perhaps the development of CANDU, has matched this achievement.



**Fig. 1: The CF-105 Arrow (National Archives of Canada)**

The most advanced aircraft of its kind in the world at the time, within a year of its maiden flight, due to a change in Government and its priorities, the Arrow program would be canceled, the prototype aircraft destroyed, the blueprints seized, classified or destroyed and the talented people who built this wonder scattered to the wind.

It has only been in recent years, and with the demise of the Soviet Union in 1991, that many of the remaining confidential documents have become available for historians to put together a candid account of the history of the Arrow program. Today almost all of the remaining documents relating to the Arrow program have been made public.

In 1997 a Canadian made for TV feature film about the Arrow, starring Dan Aykroyd as the powerful and partisan Crawford Gordon, was produced. The CBC film introduced another generation of Canadians to a story of the Arrow, all be it a far from complete history. Within the Aykroyd film is perpetuated a myth that the Americans wanted the Arrow program canceled because it was the only aircraft in the world able to climb to above 20,000 metres and "engage" the then super secret U-2 surveillance aircraft.

The fact of the matter is that while the U-2 did play a role in the cancellation of the Arrow program, historians have not properly touched upon the real relationship between the two aircraft over the past five decades. As well, the monumental event that coincided with the rolling out of the first Arrow, the launch of Sputnik 1, was far from a happenstance but may have been timed

by the Politburo to give the West a not so subtle message. Aircraft like the Arrow were machines without a mission – rockets were the way of the future.

Much has been written of this pivotal moment in Canadian aerospace history. In the way of this article I would like to add a little bit to the Arrow history by saying I wouldn't be here today were it not for the Arrow. My parents met on a boat coming back from France, my father a young RCAF officer and aeronautical engineer serving with 2nd Fighter Wing in France, and my mother a glamorous French Canadian school teacher from Montreal on her way back from a holiday in France. Of course, in true Canadian fashion my father could not speak French and my mother could not speak English when they met.

My father, a mechanical and aeronautical engineer, had been ordered by the Chief of the Defense staff to return from his operational duties looking after the CF-86 Canadair Sabre and CF-100 A.V. Roe Canuck jet interceptors that were part of Canada's NATO commitments in Europe, to Ottawa to help the advanced jet engine programs for the Sabre and Canuck aircraft, and to assist in a review of the operational requirements and costing of the proposed acquisition of 120 CF-105's (see Fig. 2: RCAF Officer Steve Bruskiewich with colleague, circa 1954).

On the weekends he would drive from Ottawa to Montreal to court my mother. While the Arrow was a stillborn, I came kicking and screaming into the world a few years after their marriage a half century ago. The Arrow is

no longer but I am here today to write this article. I grew up understanding more of the story of the Arrow than all but a handful of RCAF types, A.V. Roe employees and aviation historians. It seems the U-2 and the Arrow were tied, one to the other, in a unique symbiosis.



**Fig. 2: RCAF Officer Steve Bruskiewich (right) with colleague, 1954.**

### **A Mysterious Aircraft from the East**

On September 17th, 1956 an incident involving fighters of the R.C.A.F. stationed in Europe and a mysterious aircraft resulted in one of the most secret events involving Canadians during the Cold War. The unidentified aircraft was first detected high over central Poland by the Canadian manned radar station at Metz. Over the space of two hours the unidentified aircraft flew a direct line due west, entering the Canadian controlled air sector in Western Europe.

Four Mark 6 CF-86 Sabre jets from the Second Canadian Fighter Wing stationed at Grostenquin France were scrambled to intercept this high flying aircraft (refer to Fig. 3: CF-86 Sabre Jet). The four jets were on "Zulu Alert" - jet fighters kept on standby, fully fueled and armed, ready to be airborne in under two minutes.

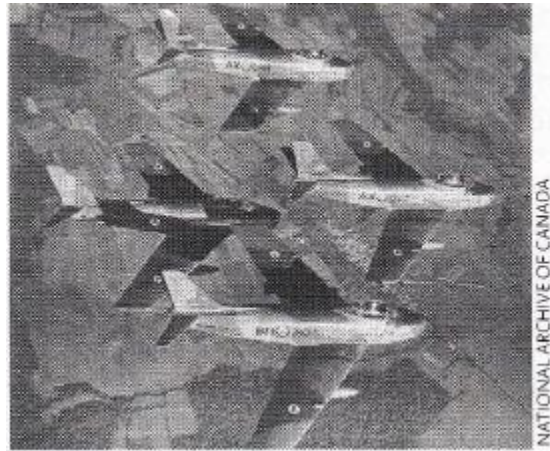
Flight Lt. Tony Hannas, a 421 squadron pilot from Leduc Alberta, was the ground controller who vectored the flight of four CF-86's, a section led by Flight Lt. John McElroy, a Canadian Ace from the Second World War. These Mark 6 Sabres had been manufactured under license at Canadair outside of Montreal and sported a Canadian made Orenda engine. They were the fastest, highest flying and best Sabre jets in Europe. The Canadian pilots flying these jets were also the "best fly boys" in NATO at the time.

When it was first detected at the Canadian manned radar station at Metz the unidentified aircraft was at an altitude 5,000 metres above the operational ceiling of the CF-86's. The four Mark 6 CF-86s were vectored to a holding position below and in line of the descending aircraft. When the mysterious aircraft entered Western European airspace the "bogey began to rapidly descend" and the four aircraft climbed to attempt a visual identification.

Two Sabre jets took up position, one at each wing tip, while Flight Lt. John McElroy and his wing man took up position astern of the mysterious aircraft. The mysterious aircraft did not sport any identifying marks or roundels, and was of a design never before seen by the pilots, silver with thin wings that



span a greater distance than the aircraft was long. The aircraft was not of a type found in the quick identification booklets attached to the hips of the fighter pilots. Repeated radio inquiries, both from the radar station at Metz and from Flt. Lt. McElroy, went unacknowledged.



**Fig. 3: CF-86 Sabres in Diamond Formation with Flight Lt. Hannas the lead.**

Following standard procedures Flt. Lt. McElroy activated his gun cameras and armed his guns. The arming of the guns of a Sabre jet is a double redundant process with two dummy rounds for each gun and a double switch system. When his guns were armed Flt. Lt. McElroy ordered the two Sabre jets at the wing tips of the mysterious aircraft to disengage. Before Flt. Lt. McElroy could fire live rounds the mysterious aircraft disintegrated before his very eyes. The gun cameras would confirm that no pilot ejected from the aircraft. The remnants of the aircraft was scattered over the German country side about 20 km east of Wiesbaden.

When the section of four CF-86's returned to base, the airfield had already been locked down by the U.S. Air Force. The second in command of NATO, a senior US General, would that afternoon call the Base Commanding Officer at Second Canadian Fighter Wing on the carpet, "God damn it ... you crazy Canadians have just shot down one of our own aircraft!" <sup>1</sup> The Canadians pilots stood accused of shooting down a U-2 aircraft returning from a secret high altitude photo-reconnaissance mission over Russia and Eastern Europe. The civilian pilot of the U-2, Howard Carey, was killed in the incident.

A post-incident inquiry by the R.C.A.F. would determine that the canvas over the gun ports on Fit. Lt. McElroy 's Sabre were intact, and a counting of the rounds would show that indeed no live rounds had been fired. The film from the gun camera was taken and not returned to the R.C.A.F., but instead was lost in the "deep black" of the U-2 archives.

A secret US report would subsequently determine that the wake from the two Sabre jets at the wing tips of U-2 most likely caused the structural failure of the aircraft's wings, which were only rated to 3-g. In 1960 the head of the U-2 program Richard Bissell would confirm the U-2 to be so fragile that it would "pretty much break up in a mishap, as the plane over West Germany did in 1956."

Francis Gary Powers in his book "Operation Overflight" had this to say of the incident:

"In September, 1956, Howard Carey, a contract pilot I had known at Watertown, was killed in a U-2 crash in Germany. There was some confusion as to what actually happened, initial speculation ranging all the way to sabotage. It was later determined, however, that while in flight Carey had been buzzed by two curious Canadian Air Force interceptors. Caught in their wake turbulence as they passed him, his U-2 had apparently simply disintegrated." <sup>2</sup>

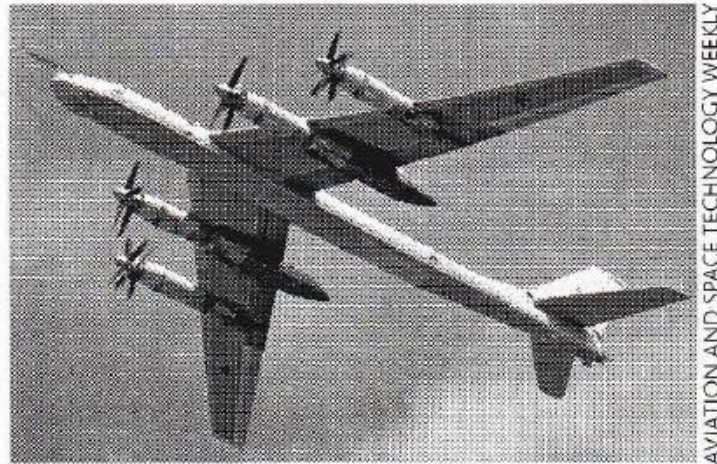
Beginning in July 1956, the U-2 was flown from Wiesbaden, West Germany.<sup>3</sup> Soon after the "Canadian Incident" the US moved its U-2's to Giebelstadt. The Canadians were told "in future to keep your Mark 6's away from the U-2."

### **Why Was the Arrow Being Built?**

By the mid-1950's work was underway to replace the CF-86 and CF-100 jets with a new fighter interceptor, the CF-105 Arrow. The Arrow was a Canadian designed and built twin engine, tailless delta wing supersonic aircraft. For its time it was the most advanced, sophisticated and costly high performance jet interceptor in the world. The delta wing design allowed for the lightest wing, for a low thickness to chord ratio, while still provided the required structural strength, sufficient fuel capacity and space for undercarriage stowage.

The Arrow was designed for the purpose of intercepting Soviet bombers, such as the Tupolev Tu-95 Bear, a large intercontinental turboprop bomber

which came into operation in the 1955 (see Fig. 4: Tupolev Tu-95 Bear). The development of the Tupolev Tu-95 Bear began in 1951, two years before the development of the Arrow began.



**Fig. 4: Tupolev Tu-95 Bear**

During the annual Soviet Aviation Day festivities in 1955 a handful of long range bombers were flown repeatedly over the Kremlin to deceive Western observers and give them the mistaken impression that there many such bombers in operational use. Based on insufficient intelligence and worst case assumptions, by the spring of 1956 the US Air Force predicted that 500 intercontinental bombers would eventually be deployed by the Soviet Union. This would precipitate what became known in Washington as the "Bomber Gap" between the US and the Soviet Union. In fact there would never be more than two hundred Soviet long-range bombers built. In comparison, by the late 1950's the US would have 340 intercontinental and 1,300 intermediate range bombers in operation.

Today there are a handful of turboprop Tu-95 aircraft still in operation, armed with supersonic cruise missiles. They are still occasionally observed on long-range patrols off both Canada's east and west coast, and on occasion at the edge of Canada's north.

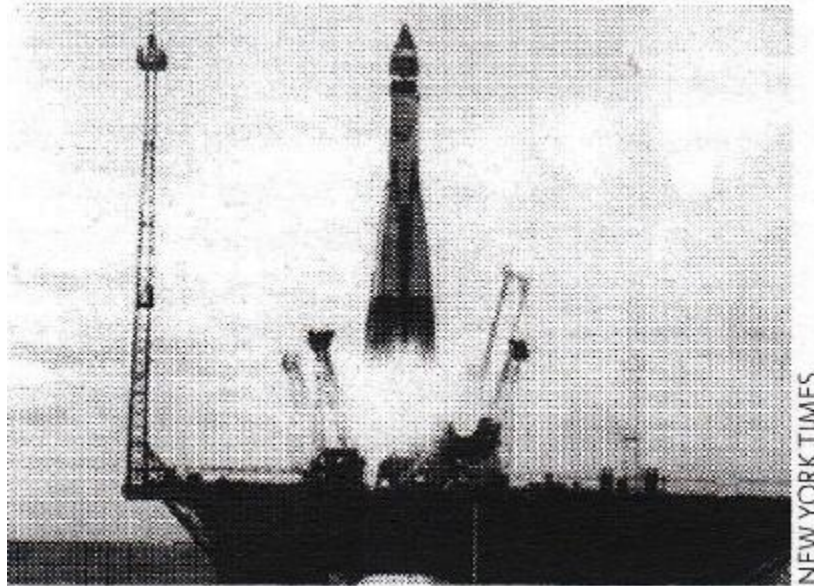
During the 1956 Presidential election incumbent President Dwight D. Eisenhower had to contend with accusations from his political rivals that a "Bomber Gap" had opened between the Soviet Union and the United States, and that the Soviet Union was leaping ahead of the West in Intercontinental Bombers. It all turned out to be a Soviet bluff.

### **Sputnik 1 and the Demise of the Arrow**

It did not bode well for the Arrow Program that Sputnik 1 was launched the very same day as the roll-out of the first completed Arrow on October 4th, 1957 (see Fig. 5: Launch of Sputnik 2). This may have not been a happenstance, but a conscious decision by the Soviet Politburo, to time the launch of Sputnik with the roll out of the first Arrow. The lack of Soviet Bombers and the launch of Sputnik would ultimately seal the fate of the Arrow program.

During the first forty years of its existence, the launching of Sputnik 1 was perhaps the single and most decisive political act by the Soviet Union. The success of Sputnik and the lead that the Soviet Union had in rockets and launch capacity over the United States encouraged a decision by Soviet General Secretary Khrushchev in 1957 to initiate a strategic missile arms

race with the US. Up until then the United States held supremacy over the USSR in the field of long-range aviation.



**Fig. 5: Launch of Sputnik 2 (Sputnik 1 was launched at night).**

With little prospect of catching up with the US in terms of quality and quantity of long-range aircraft, Khrushchev decided to change the focus of the competition from aviation to space technology, initiating a "Space Race" between the Superpowers.

### **The U-2 and the Bomber Gap Myth**

From its inception the Arrow program was predicated on the assumption that the Soviet Union would build squadron after squadrons of intercontinental bombers capable of delivering atomic weapons to North America.



President Eisenhower, himself the former Supreme Commander in Europe during World War Two, understood the importance of good intelligence. He was both cautious and pragmatic when it came to analysis and assessment. In the middle 1950's as President Eisenhower would propose his *Open Skies* policy, which would have allowed the over flight of each other's territory as a confidence building measure.

Both the United States and the Soviet Union had been attacked without warning by their enemies during the Second World War, the U.S.S.R. in the summer of 1941 by Germany and the U.S. in December of that same year by Japan. Despite the fact both superpowers had such a common experience, Soviet Premier Khrushchev rejected Eisenhower's *Open Skies* proposal in 1955 at the Geneva Summit.

Following the rejection of his Open Skies proposal, President Eisenhower approved the building of the high flying U-2 surveillance aircraft, which was built in record time and became operational in 1956 (see Fig. 6: The U-2 surveillance aircraft). Knowing that it was a matter of time before the U-2 would be shot down or crash due to an accident, Eisenhower would also seek the building of space based satellites like Corona to allow continued surveillance of the Soviet Union from low earth orbit.



**Fig. 6: The U-2**

The first overflight of Eastern Europe by a U-2 occurred on June 20th, 1956. The first overflight of the Soviet Union by a U-2 occurred on July 4th, 1956. Beginning in 1957, in a special arrangement with Britain, U-2's would be flown in Europe by British pilots. The high altitude photographs and other intelligence gathered by these overflights would be shared between both countries (see Fig. 7: U-2 picture of a Soviet bomber base north of Moscow taken from 20,000 metre altitude in 1957).

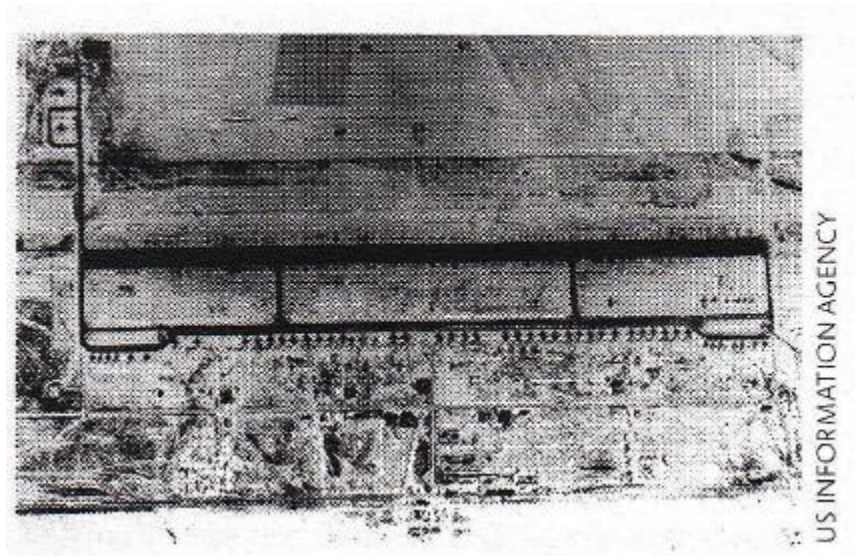
### **Sharing the Product**

To this day the 1956 "Canadian incident" has yet to be fully presented, and is one of the mysteries of the Cold War. As a result of this incident, the Chief of the Canadian Air Staff and the Prime Minister of Canada, would have been made aware of the U-2 and its special purpose by his colleagues President Eisenhower and British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan.



To a limited degree President Eisenhower and British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan would have also "shared the product"- the assessments of the actual bomber strengths of the Soviet Union with the Canadian Prime Minister. With this information it would be obvious large numbers of Arrows were unnecessary for the defense of Canada.

History appears to show that the Rt. Hon. John Diefenbaker protected the confidence that his colleagues and friends President Eisenhower and British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan placed in him and took this secret to the grave.

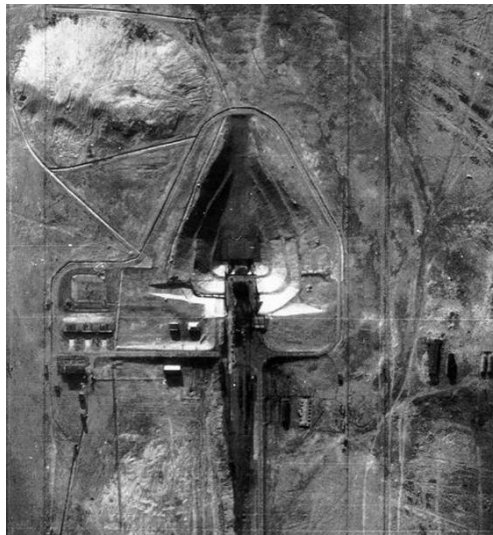


**Fig. 7: 1957 U-2 picture of a Soviet bomber base taken from 20,000 m altitude.**

Over flights of the Soviet Union continued until a U-2 flown by Gary Power was shot down by Soviet SAM-2 surface to air missiles on Mayday 1960. To catch this U-2 they boxed the pilot in with SAM-2 rockets and then downed

the aircraft by shooting a SAM-2 straight up. Ironically, the proximity fuse used on the SAM-2 was a design stolen by the Russians off the Americans. Fortunately, by 1960 Corona satellites were beginning to return useful pictures and intelligence from low earth orbit and so further U-2 overflights of the Soviet Union became unnecessary.

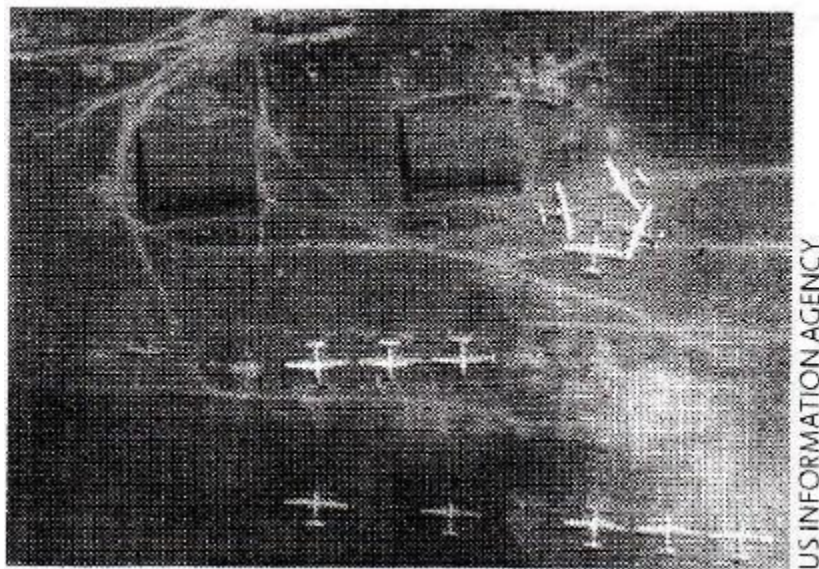
One of President Eisenhower's greatest gift to his successors in the White House were the U-2 and space-based surveillance platforms that has helped successive US Presidents in their foreign policy decisions. Good intelligence builds confidence and keeps national leaders from making irrevocable and devastating mistakes in judgment.



**Fig. 8: 1957 U-2 picture of Baikonur taken from 20,000 metre altitude.**

Some of the best pictures taken from a U-2 would be those of the Baikonur launch facility where Sputnik 1 was launched in October 1957 (see Fig. 8: 1957 U-2 picture of Baikonur taken from 20,000 metre altitude).

One of the most important U-2 picture ever taken was on its first flight over the Soviet Union on July 4th, 1956. It was a picture of the only heavy jet bombers the Soviet Air Force had in existence at the time, a handful of Bison bombers. This large, straight wing, four engine jet bomber was never put into full production because of technical difficulties. Only a handful of Bison were ever built and were stationed at an airfield north of Moscow. The Tu-95 Bear would become the mainstay of the Soviet Air Force (refer to Fig. 9: 1956 U-2 picture of a handful of Bison bombers at an airfield north of Moscow).



**Fig. 9: 1956 U-2 picture of Bison bombers at an airfield north of Moscow.**

In a memo dated 17th July, 1956 to President Eisenhower, analysis of U-2 pictures taken on its first overflight of the Soviet Union showed that

"there can be no doubt of the photographic coverage obtained on 4 July, 1956 of five of the seven highest priority targets specified by the USAF. This mission was indeed timely in that it revealed no heavy jet bombers at any of the five bases covered, even though current intelligence estimates predicted the presence of regiments of such bombers at at least two of the five bases." <sup>4</sup>

### **The U-2 and the Cancellation of the Arrow**

In 1957 and 1958 Prime Minister Diefenbaker and President Eisenhower would discuss a number of bilateral issues, including the Arrow Program. Eisenhower provided Diefenbaker with enough of a briefing on what had been determined from the U-2 overflights for there to be confidence that Soviet bombers would not play a significant threat to North America.

Shortly after a high level discussion in 1958, the Prime Minister of Canada would make the following announcement in the House of Commons on September 23rd, 1958:

"... the number of supersonic interceptor aircraft required for the RCAF air defence command will be substantially less than could have been foreseen a few years ago, if in fact such aircraft will be required at all in the 1960's in view of the rapid strides being made in missiles

by both the United States and the U.S.S.R. The development of the Canadian supersonic interceptor aircraft, the CF-105 or the 'Arrow', was commenced in 1953 and even under the best of circumstances it will not be available for effective use in squadrons until late in 1961. Since the project began, revolutionary changes have taken place which have made necessary a review of the program in light of the anticipated conditions when the aircraft comes into use." <sup>5</sup>

In light of the information now available, including both the declassified Arrow papers and the history we now know of the 1950s and 1960's, outright cancellation of the program reflected the best information then available about the Soviet Air Force and its small fleet of intercontinental bombers.

I invite the National Archives of Canada, the Eisenhower Presidential Library and the appropriate archives of collegial Governments to share the complete history of how the U-2 program may have truly influenced the Arrow cancellation decision.

## **References**

1) Information for this section of the paper comes from various independent sources, including the recollection of individuals stationed with 2nd Fighter Wing on 17th September, 1956 and from R.C.A.F. records from the National Archives of Canada. There are, unfortunately, conflicting and inaccurate accounts regarding the events surrounding the loss of the U-2 and the death



of Pilot Howard Carey. The claim that Carey was on a "training mission" conflicts with reports that the U-2 was tracked arriving in West German airspace from the East. Standard operating procedures for the U-2 was to undertake all training within the airspace of the continental USA.

2) Independent confirmation of the "Canadian Incident" is to be found in Francis Gary Power's 1970 book "Operation Overflight" SBN: 03-083045-1 published in May 1970 page 49-50. Francis Gary Powers was a colleague and friend of Howard Carey.

3) The high powered Type 80 radar station at Metz manned by Canadians tracked all the U-2 flights in and out of the air base at Wiesbaden and the CIA station at Giebelstadt. The Canadian pilots of 2 and 3 Fighter Wing had a nickname for the U-2 - they called it "the Beast". The Mark 6 Canadair CF-86 Sabres, equipped with Orenda jet engines, could fly up to 50,000 feet at 0.92 Mach, much higher and faster than the American F-86's. Beginning in 1956 Canadian pilots from 2 and 3 Fighter Wing routinely vectored onto U-2's as they descended from their operational altitude of 70,000 ft as the pilots completed the last leg of their high altitude photo-reconnaissance missions over Eastern Europe or the Soviet Union.

4) 17 July, 1956 AQUATONE memo to U-2 Project Director Richard Bissell from Herbert I. Miller. AQUATONE was the code name for the photographic intelligence gathered by the U-2. This memo was passed on to and read by President Eisenhower.

5) Hansard, Parliament of Canada, September 23rd, 1958

{First published in the *CUPJ*, Volume VII, Issue 2, January 2009}

## Poetry

### ***Three Poems by Stephanie Cui***

#### **Dawn**

Out in the moonlight  
The trees are glowing white.  
They are fully dressed and await the wind's call.

But the wind is a shy girl at four in the morning,  
And she does not come out to play.  
Dawn slowly tip-toes, blueing the sky.  
I am lost on a path so familiar.

Does darkness lock up my eyelids  
With a key that only belongs to dawn?  
I sneak by buildings,  
They seem unrealistic against the early light.  
Windows lit here and there, like the fading stars.

My footsteps are shaky,  
My voice –the only echo remaining in the world.  
The sun rows the moon across the sky, claiming its throne.  
And I step into the day drunk with awe.

#### **Two Strangers**



~ a palindrome poem

Two strangers  
Returning to  
Their respective homes  
Both leaving for  
The train that departs at dawn  
Boarding amidst the morning fog  
To another ordinary day  
Through the long and weary journey  
Both remain silent  
Rather than talking to each other  
They put on music in their earbuds  
Until the twentieth day  
After smiles and formal greetings  
They resolve to small talks  
Something is starting to change  
They discover their similarities and many differences  
Revealing their strengths and weaknesses  
Wary of the future and afraid of moving forward  
Suffocated by the fear of being alone  
Day after day  
They sit next to each other  
Dozing off on each others' shoulders  
On the late-night train

Sharing sorrow and joy  
And they whisper secrets  
They pour their souls out  
And they learn to trust  
Placing each other above themselves  
Grateful that they are  
Boarding the same train  
Two strangers who happened to be  
At the right place  
At the right time  
A love story  
Now begins

### **Spaceship**

The sun peeks through the branches  
as I walk down the shallow steps of the forest trail.  
I hide my sandals in the tree trunk's shadow,  
going barefoot, my skin burns against the golden sand.

I trace around the ruins of the castles  
like the last soldier on guard in her homeland.  
My eyes sparkle when I see the ocean at its full length.

The sky is a cloudy lens

between the ocean and the universe.

I think of the routine of waves, their silver edges,  
of starfish on the rocks by the shore,  
and of meteors' tails catching fire.

I connect the dots of stars to form an island.

A ship slowly dissolves into the light,  
and emerges out of the planet Earth.

I count for the spaceship to take off.

## ***Two poems by Justin Fan***

### **Watching Far**

Seeing you meant the start of a day,  
missing you meant my day is a pause.

They say time can't stop  
I say when you are gone from my eyes  
time is gone.

I can not sense time  
because without you  
I can't sense anything  
except sadness.

I need you  
just like the earth needs the sun,  
without you in my sight  
I am incomplete,  
I am not in balance.  
herefore I am unstable.

Even if I need you  
so desperately just like there is a force  
between bonding elements ...

there is a force between us  
which means I can only watch  
you from a far,  
but I can't touch you.

When I go close to you  
just like breaking  
those ever so living forces  
my source of life starts pounding.

The closer I get to you  
the harder my life source pounds,  
even if it meant death  
I still want to touch ...  
but it is just too hard.

### **Scenery**

I have once seen a spark of beauty,  
in a room of royal sounds,  
then I run and run  
just to have another glimpse of it.

That spark was gone when I appeared.  
I then realized that is not a spark  
but a living piece of art

and a scenery of great beauty,  
this beauty only appeals to my eye.

I cannot live  
with this beauty gone,  
nor can I live  
with this scenery destroyed.

Later I knew  
I myself was the reason  
for this shining beauty  
to disappear time to time.

For my scenery  
to continue on shining,  
I would lock myself away  
and far, may just a glimpse  
time to time can  
satisfy my loss  
of an ever ending  
desire of love

## ***Two poems by Elle***

### **The Obscene Word**

Don't say it!  
You mustn't say it.  
Never use the word.  
It should be struck  
... from the language.  
It should be never,  
... ever heard.  
I can't listen.  
I can't bear to hear.  
You mustn't tell it in anger,  
Or whisper it in my ear.  
Oh, please, please, promise me  
You'll never say ... Goodbye.

### **My Darling ...**

Let me seduce you  
with my wit ...  
my lips ...  
and my fingertips.

***Dear Los Angeles by Briana Lyon***

I miss your flavors  
shouts in the night  
Hot grease splashing  
onto cracked sidewalk

Palm trees, cars, bright colors  
hot little worlds  
Hot blissful heat  
frustration colliding everywhere

the latin jumble  
the zen swath  
the humble rancher

banyan tree  
before a gothic revival facade  
best noodle house  
beside a truck stop titty bar

I want your vivacity  
your chaos and pollution  
breathing again in my lungs



## ***Poetry by Qihui (Lauryn) Huang***

### **The Cold Blade**

The cold blade pressed her skin...  
There wasn't a quiver in her hand,  
no tear in her eye,  
only the slow reminder  
in her veins  
that she was still alive.

She pressed the blade deeper....

### **Just Wanted You to Know**

You're the only guy  
I fall in love with  
on a regular basis.

Love u.

### **Heart**

Red soft liquid clot  
Coagulating and fermenting  
Its beats are steady, its pauses temporary.

Its claws puncture the tubes  
Heaving its own waste  
Bleeding venom to its own babe ...

Throbbing in shame  
Shunned in white cages  
Hovering above the dead.

Its rooms are empty  
Its doors flimsy  
No one is there.

Hold me, love me  
Be one with me  
It slithers into your voice

Its skin is tender  
Its love true  
Cradle it until it becomes you

### **My House**

My house is made of straw  
Tied together in bunches  
Leaning against the wind

My house is made of sticks  
Tied together with straw  
Dust seeping through  
My house is made of bricks  
Laid on sand

A wolf came by one day  
Teeth unflossed and unbleached  
The last piece of meat still stuck in his front tooth  
He asked if I could give him a piece of bread  
The taste of meat still lingered in his throat he said  
Made it uncomfortable to sleep  
I smiled at him and said no  
I'm saving it

He came back the next day  
He teeth bleached as white as bone  
I told him he left the Crest Whitestrips on a little too long  
He ignored me or maybe he couldn't hear me  
His ear was overflowing with yellow crust, you see  
Then he looked over my shoulder and saw the bed,  
Asked this time if he could have a place to sleep  
I smiled at him and said no too  
The bed is for my little one

The third day he came back

Patience was not his virtue  
And demanded for the piece of bread  
To rid of the taste of meat in his mouth  
I ought to have told him to be a vegetarian  
I ought to have asked him if he saw my babe  
The one with a tail that made two loops before pointing to the sky  
But then he said that he would blow my house down  
The one made of straw, sticks and bricks  
And take my bread, my bed and my babe!  
I said hmm, but if you blow them down  
You'd have to build it with me

He looked at my houses,  
The one made of straw, sticks and bricks  
Tried to think how long it would take him  
Tried to think if he remembered how to tie knots  
He thought for a while, his eyes grew small and serious  
Forehead scrunched together till his whiskers tickled  
Then he laughed and told me  
What a fool I was  
To think I could outsmart a wolf like him  
Wolves don't build houses, didn't I know?

### **Still As**

torn by strings attached to hooks

hung by tendons, pink and raw  
twisted thin as voltages,  
struck into the corner of the earth

i lie –  
still as rain on fire.

### **I Waited**

and we shall walk where no leaves fall  
on pebbled roads lighted by rain  
its doors shut to keep the mice away  
crystals peer through windows  
watching if you fall. watching if you'll leave  
and breathe a sigh of relief  
you knock on the door, hoping for a kind smile or an encouraging nod

so you wait

practicing your sweet smile you were taught  
not too much teeth. but wide enough to show sincerity

and you wait

till your cheeks hurt  
and blood breathes on your cracked lips

but you still wait

the sun will come out soon  
and they will see that i'm just like them  
some leaves are born without any chlorophyll...aren't they?

but the sun never came  
the crystals turned dull  
and the leaves never fell

### **The Wooden Child**

i hid away from the day  
and chased away the night

i held bones and crushed them dry

my feet are rooted to cliffs  
with waves crashing thunder

i had a picture of you in my mind  
you came along but i looked away

i had a smile and saved it for a rainy day  
but it never rained enough

i held on to promises i imagined  
or maybe they were real, i will never know  
but i dangled above the water  
willing the threads of promise to be real

i lived once and i died three times

my love is not real.  
my smile is not real  
.my hopes are not real.

but like the wooden child  
i gotta keep trying.

## ***Five Poems by Aki Kurosawa***

### **What I Miss Most of All ...**

You ask me,  
what I miss, most of all ...  
It is to travel by train,  
to far, far away ...  
from where I live,  
in unhappy Tokyo,  
and soak in an onsen,  
even with strangers,  
far, far away ...  
in the mountains somewhere,  
where people know,  
you are not from around here,  
and point at you,  
and talk about you  
without turning their backs.  
I am so lonely that  
I might even let a farm boy,  
take me into the fields,  
far, far away ...  
and roll me in the hay  
under the cold dark night sky  
just to say to my friends



I still know how to play.

You ask me ...

what I miss most of all ...

It is how to be happy.

## **Taking Things in Hand**

Sometimes ... I let lil' sis  
take me out  
to meet some  
of her chums ...

Oh boy!

There was sis and I  
and four puppies,  
all eager to play, yelping....

They tried to paw, paw, paw  
their way up, into my dress ...  
I was not impressed!

I pressed me knees tight together,  
And held down my dress,  
Then they tried up top.  
There was no stopping them.

We six sat in a booth  
at the back of a dark,  
old restaurant,  
far across town

where truckers gathered.

Those wretches eyed us hungrily.

And here I was trapped between  
two yelping little chiens.

There was not much I could do,  
until after we had eaten ...

I saw a gleam in sis' eyes  
that told me why she had brought us here.

Four of them and two of us ...  
we were there to give them a hand.

I watched from across the table  
as she toyed with her boys  
They looked down, went silent  
closed their eyes ... and smiled

The two beside me watched too ...  
and began to whimper, and whine.  
...so did all the other wretches around the room

And so I too took things in hand.  
Why not! It's a free world ...

Softly, slowly, I started  
to pet these puppies.  
Fresh out of the kennels.

But at least their whimpering  
and whining had stopped.

They were not much to begin with,  
Hardly there in fact,  
with their big paws and little stiffs  
but they sort of grew on you ...  
these pups that squirmed and finally foamed

When we were finished  
sis and I ... we dashed away  
not having to worry about  
puppies nipping at our heels.

I have to credit my sis,  
she hasn't had to pay  
for her lunch in years.

## **It is Going to be a Boy She Says.**

Next month, my best friend,  
she's having a baby.  
She's much younger than me ...  
just past her teens.

We use to work together  
side by side. But last year  
she lost her job,  
then her boy friend too,  
when she needed him the most,  
(he's not the father),

and the baby's father ... well ...  
she doesn't even know his name,  
no one will tell her who he is,

they were both drunk  
at the time they bumped  
into each other...  
and now she has sobered up.

I think I know ...  
who the father is,  
but can't tell her,

I may end up jobless too ...

It is going to be a boy she says.

She can feel his tiny pencil  
ticking her from within,  
writing her little haiku ...  
reminding her,

she has no men  
in her life,  
except her father,  
who wants to toss  
them both into the streets.

She waits ...

with her grandmother now,  
far away ...  
somewhere in the country

Oh well ...

she and the little one  
will at least have fresh air.

It is going to be a boy she says.

I hope it is a girl!

## **What is my Body Trying to Tell Me?**

My cracked seed,

my brown rice ...

my green wheat

my white soybean ...

my red sorghum

It starts to bleed,

whenever the farmers want

to furrow the ground

What is my body trying to tell me?

That the plow

can only furrow the soil

when nothing will grow?

Or should I let

the damned crows peck at me

whenever they feel hungry?

## **A Salary Girl ... in a Salary World**

I sit at my desk,  
a salary girl ...  
in a salary world

surrounded by salary men  
who are probably  
thinking  
the same things  
I am ...

There is the day me,  
prim and proper,  
and the night time me,  
the complete opposite,  
which comes out on  
a Saturday ... at midnight.

Each day is the same  
except Sundays ...  
when I can sleep off  
the night before.

Sometimes on Sundays  
I wake up in my own bed



alone ... but, most times

I wake up somewhere else,  
and can't find my panties.

I have a yen

for this other life  
and if I wanted to ...

I could play my way,  
one fancy trick at a time,  
by working one night a week,  
and sleeping it off ...  
the other six.

That way I don't have

to sit at my desk,  
a salary girl ...

in a salary world  
surrounded by salary men.

## ***Poems by Patrick Bruskiewich***

### **The Moth Thought ...**

The moth  
thought ...  
it could hide away,  
but little did it know  
that the hungry crow  
could spy its grey  
in the bright light of the day

### **Until It Was Too Late ...**

In the dark of the night,  
the crazy moth flew, round  
and round the candle flame,  
without fear in its frenzied  
state it could not feel  
the searing heat,  
nor sense the harm  
until it was too late ...

Its wings were singed,  
it lost control and right

into the blue flame it flew. I  
watched the moth fall,  
smack out of the air,  
as if it did not care ...

and it was then that I saw  
burnt on the table  
next to the candle  
another moth ...  
there on its back,  
its legs flaying about  
as the second moth plummeted  
hard upon it.

Then there was silence,  
the stillness of the night ...  
and in my state I swear  
I heard a sigh  
and a voice say ...  
what took you so long dear?

### **Because I Am So Poor ...**

I came and sat awhile  
to write a short poem

because I am so poor  
and have no job  
to keep me busy.

### **I Miss ...**

I miss ...  
seeing you  
and your beautiful smile  
and hearing your soft  
and wonderful words,  
telling me how  
happy you are  
with life ...

### **Addressed Like a Concubine**

There it was again,  
the knock, knock, knock.  
It was late, but urgent  
no doubt, so I did not balk  
and opened the door, and there  
she was addressed like a concubine,  
fervent with words ... wanting

to be let in. So I did  
let her by, to talk my ear off,  
and cry wistfully, and tell me wildly  
of her dreams, and great sex.  
I poured her wine and gave  
her something to eat, for it  
was evident she was famished,  
in so many ways. I was  
an oasis in her stormy love  
life, a man who could  
look at her voluptuousness  
and say 'so what', and so  
she seduced me with her words and fantasies  
until she fell asleep. I turned off the light,  
threw open my robe, lay upon a blanket  
on the floor, and left her undisturbed  
as the best of me stood erect,  
a silhouette in the night, aching to be noticed.

### **A Goddess Creating her Adam**

She asked me how I felt.  
A silly question to ask me,  
for I sat naked before her  
and her friend as they sculpt.

Do you meditate when you sit?  
It depends who I am with ...  
Are you meditating now?  
Can I ask you how you feel?  
Happy ... very happy ...  
Well then, I knew she had never  
seen a naked man before  
so close at hand. She formed  
the clay in her hands,  
like she was forming me,  
slowly, carefully, studying  
the ins and outs of me,  
unabashedly. Then she stopped  
talking and lusted for the clay,  
making lively, lovely, rolling parts,  
some small and some significant,  
never taking her lustful eyes off of me  
as she rolled and rolled and rolled the clay  
between her fingers, as God may have  
done when creating Eve,  
but she a Goddess creating her Adam ...

### **Pondering Philosophical Questions**

Sometimes I stand for minutes on end

under the shower head and the spray  
of hot water, pondering great philosophical  
questions. As the water flows down my chest  
I ask myself, why do men have breasts?  
And over my stomach bulging forth ...  
why do we grow old? Why can't we  
stay young forever! But even stars and  
the whole shebang will one day die off.  
Why do I even matter ... sputter ... sputter ...  
sputter ... the spray reminds me that  
time is an illusion, for cannot time run  
backwards, and the spray enter the shower  
head? All I need to do is change time  
to naught time. As the water drips from  
my faucet, reminding me that I have  
not been, am not, and may perhaps never  
be the father of my own progeny, being  
a prodigy, my life's energy has  
been spent elsewhere. Why couldn't  
my parents just name me Albert and get  
it over with? Would he have achieved so  
much if Riemann or Gauss had not come before  
him? Do we remember his sons' names?  
The spray sputters ... sputters ... sputters ...

## **This Pablo Fellow**

I don't understand him ...  
this Pablo fellow. He's lazy  
throwing his paints about, limb  
by twisted limb. Perhaps crazy,  
perhaps not. He knows his stuff  
of that we're sure. He knows  
*Les Demoiselles*, all about love  
or maybe lust, in his art it shows –  
a crease here, a crevice there,  
perhaps a fallacy too. It grows  
on you... it does ... if you care  
to push past the obvious, a nose  
that is something male, bare  
sex dressed by colour, and  
nothing else. It's brain candy  
made not of sugar, fanned  
by our imagination, dandy  
don't you think!  
If you've had too much to drink!

## **I Just Think They're Nauts ...**

The Americans call them astronauts.



The Russians Cosmonauts and  
the Chinese Taikonauts. But ...

I just think they're nauts.

### **The Jaguar ...**

The Jaguar runs up  
to me and says ...

It is so nice to meet you,  
now I am going to eat you.

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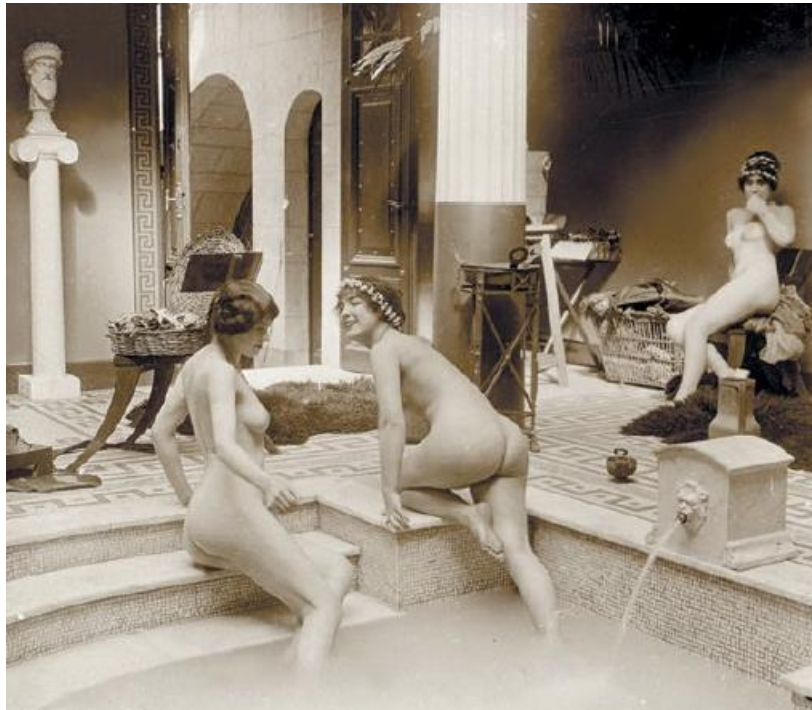
## ***Odalisques and Orientals***

Pictorials taken from: Inspiring Figuratives for Artists, (Two Hundred and Twenty Five Poses), Volume One, Atelier Press, 2020





































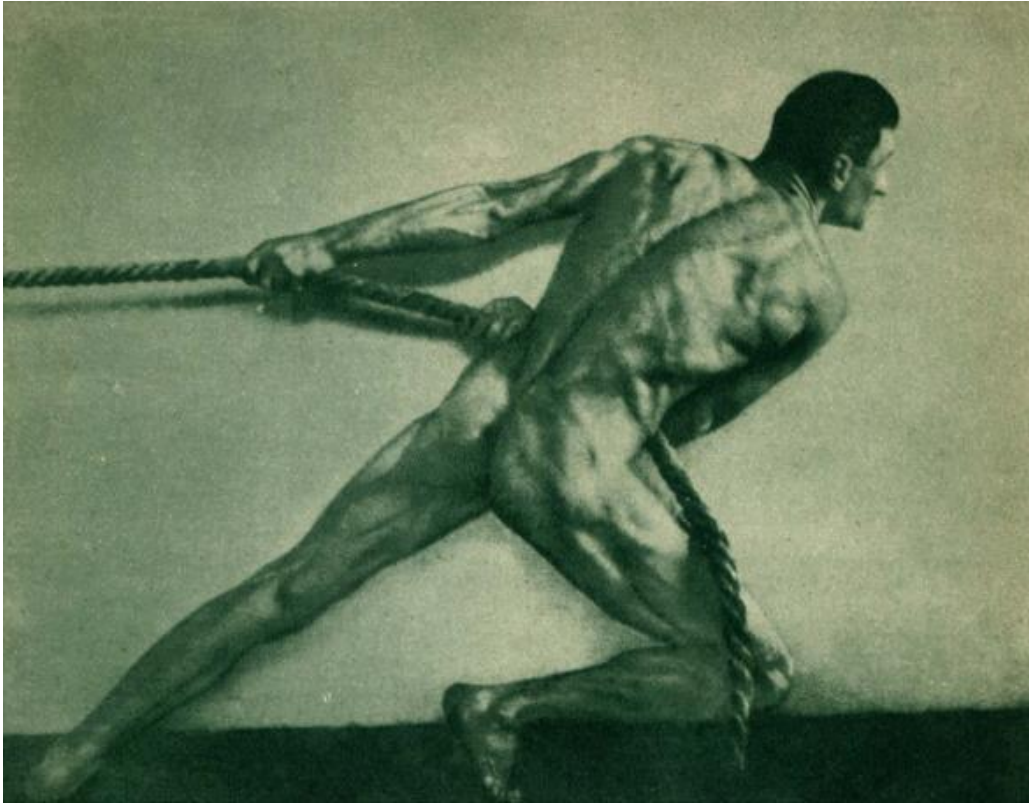


## ***Vintage Male Figuratives***

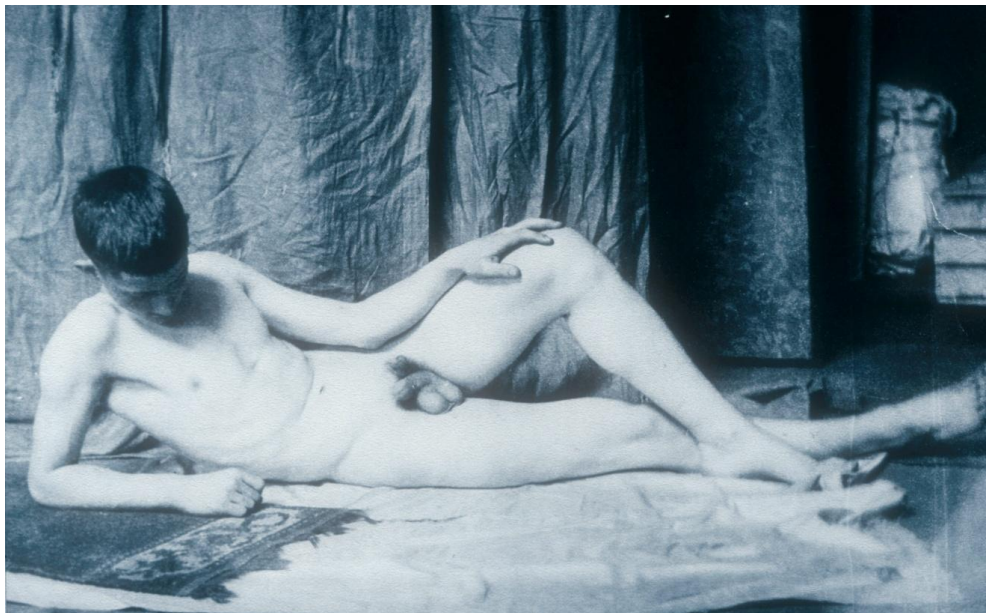
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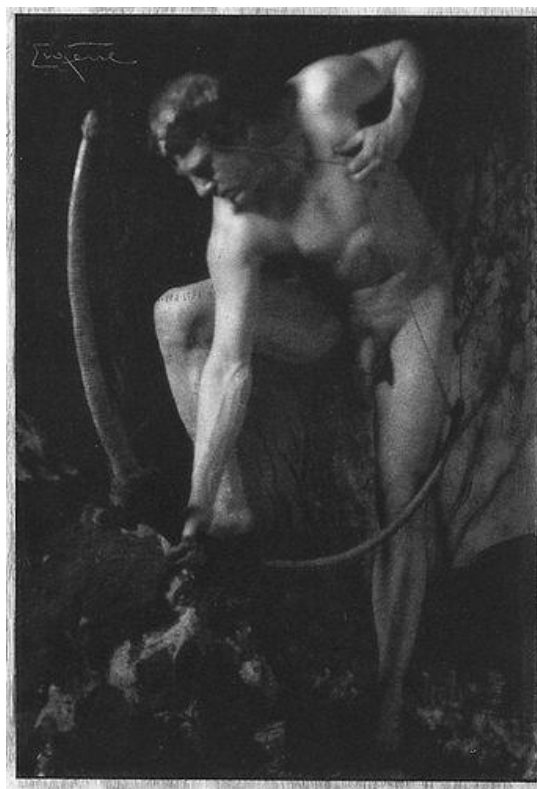






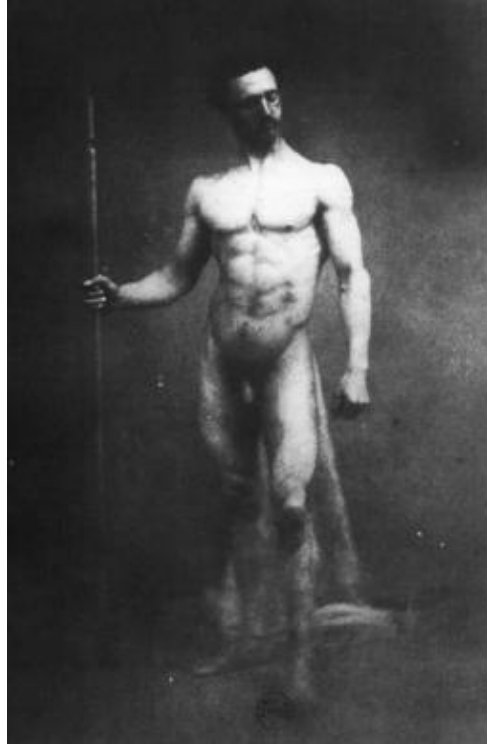


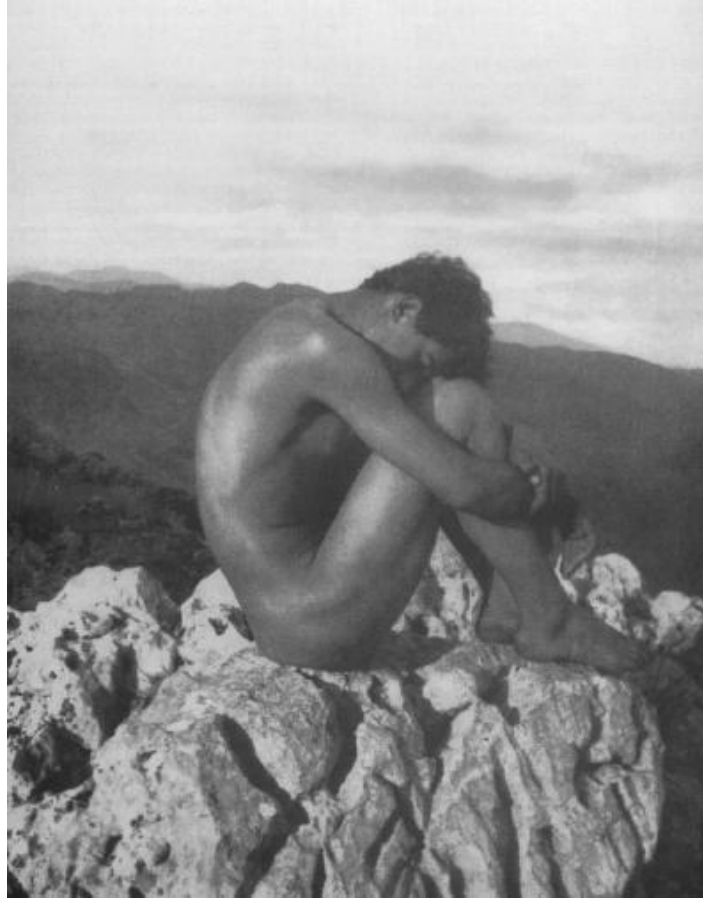




























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